JUNE 16, 1947

New Republic

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Out of some cold figures, came a story to warm America's heart

NOT LONG AGO, the Secretary of the United States Treasury studied a figure-covered sheet of paper.

The figures revealed a steady, powerful upswing in the sale of U. S. Savings Bonds, and an equally steady decrease in Bond Redemptions.

But to the Secretary, they revealed a good deal more than that, and Mr. Snyder spoke his mind:

"If you give them the facts," he said, "you can always depend on the common sense and long-range judgment of the American people.

"The last few months have given us heart-warming proof of that.

"After the Victory Loan, sales of U. S. Savings Bonds went down—redemptions went up. And that was only natural and human.

"It was natural and human—but it was also dangerous. For suppose this trend had continued. Suppose that, in this period of reconversion, some 80 million Americans had decided not only to stop saving, but to spend the $40 billion which they had *already* put aside in Series E, F & G Savings Bonds. The picture which *that* conjures up is not a pretty one!

"But the trend did NOT continue.

"Early last fall, the magazines of this country—nearly a thousand of them, acting together—started an advertising campaign on Bonds. This, added to the continuing support of other media and advertisers, gave the American people the facts . . . told them why it was important to buy and hold U. S. Savings Bonds.

"The figures on this sheet tell how the American people responded—and mighty good reading it makes.

"Once more, it has been clearly proved that when you give Americans the facts, you can then ask them for action—and *you'll get it!*"

What do the figures show?

On Mr. Snyder's sheet were some very interesting figures.

They showed that sales of Savings Bonds went from $494 million in last September to $519 million in October and kept climbing steadily until, in January of this year, they reached a new postwar high: **In January, 1947, Americans put nearly a billion dollars in Savings Bonds. And that trend is continuing.**

In the same way, redemptions have been going just as steadily downward. Here, too, the trend continues.

Moreover, there has been, since the first of the year, an increase not only in the volume of Bonds bought through Payroll Savings, but in the number of buyers.

How about YOU? The figures show that millions of Americans have realized this fact: there is no safer, surer way on earth to get the things you want than by buying U. S. Savings Bonds regularly.

They are the safest investment in the world. They pay you $4 for every $3 at the end of 10 years. And you can buy them automatically, almost painlessly today, through either of two plans:

If you are eligible for the Payroll Plan, for your own sake and your family's sake, get on it . . . and watch your savings mount up.

If you are not eligible for the Payroll Plan, but have a checking account, see your banker and get him to tell you about the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either of them will set you on the road to financial security, and the happiness that comes with it.

Save the easy, automatic way—with U. S. Savings Bonds

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New Republic

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Washington Wire

Better Get Together

BEFORE elections, the *New Republic* publishes the voting record of congressmen as a supplement. Some trade-union periodicals reprint portions of this supplement for members' guidance. Under the Taft-Hartley 70-page omnibus labor bill this right might be stopped. At least Senator Robert A. Taft (R, Ohio), co-author of the bill, thinks it might be—he isn't sure.

As the bill passed the Senate, political "contributions" by trade unions were banned. As it came back from conference with the House, not only were "contributions" banned but "expenditures" as well. Does this mean, demanded Senator Claude Pepper (D, Fla.), that a trade-union house organ could not issue a supplement attacking an anti-union candidate?

"That," said Senator Taft (page 6594, the *Congressional Record*), "is exactly what they should not be allowed to do."

"But," protested Senator Alben W. Barkley (D, Ky.), "does the Senator from Ohio advise us that under this measure such a newspaper could not take an editorial position with respect to any candidate for public office without violating this measure?"

"If it is supported by union funds I do not believe it could," said Taft.

Barkley appeared to be dumfounded. Could not Jergens Lotion put on Walter Winchell by radio before an election to comment independently on political candidates?

Taft made this astonishing answer: "I would say the same thing probably would be true of a radio broadcast of that kind under certain circumstances, but I think I should like to know the exact facts before expressing an opinion."

This extraordinary bill, with or without a veto, probably will become law. Liberals—better get together.

After considerable stumbling around, the Truman Administration has taken what amounts to an important new foreign-policy tack, represented by Secretary Marshall's speech last week at Cambridge. Nearly everybody in the State Department realizes, as we have pointed out before, that a European economic crisis lies just ahead. Marshall's speech marked the second major Administration address intended to put that idea over to the country. The first was that by Undersecretary Acheson.

Now that Marshall has made his speech and laid down the formal State Department line, this pessimistic column feels better. At least the need has been acknowledged, emphasis has been placed on economic rather than military aid, and the drive to tell the public about it, and through it to influence Congress, has begun. And anybody who has watched this Congress for five months will have a lot of sympathy for Marshall. After all, what is he trying to do? Just save the world.

There is no question either that it would help a lot with Congress if European nations would constitute themselves into something like an economic unit or make a motion in that direction. Why give a billion dollars to Nation A when it is surrounded by tariff and other barriers of Nations B and C, each equally in need of US aid but reducing the value of American assistance by failure to coöperate?

It is significant that Harold Stassen, in making his recent bold recommendation for US assistance abroad, pointed to the customs agreement between Holland and Belgium as something to encourage. Stassen is fully aware of State Department thinking on the subject.

THERE will be a new economic report to the President from his three-man Council of Economic Advisers, headed by chairman Edwin G. Nourse, probably to be published early in

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a California Subscriber

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an Ohio Reader

new features interesting

"With news of the special offer...decided we couldn't pass it up. The new features you describe sound interesting and I know we will enjoy them."

Reader from Michigan

frank comment

"Congratulations on the big improvement in NR. ...If prophecy is in order I would say that... the New Republic will become the greatest liberal voice in America...then its power on the American mind will be really great."

Illinois Subscriber

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July. The council's report last January urged voluntary price cuts, upward wage adjustments, expansion of social-security and minimum-wage legislation, continued rent control, government assistance for housing, a balanced budget and more coöperation between management and labor. It was moderate, not to say muted, in its 54 pages, but anyone who really digs into it will be struck by its liberal tone. For example, there was practically nothing in the crusading Chester Bowles-Wilson Wyatt ADA report on "Economic Stability" of May 15, so far as basic philosophy went, that wasn't in the earlier Nourse document.

The people we talk to in Washington don't look for a big depression round the next corner. There's a recession coming, all right, and we are in the outer fringes of it now, but over-all employment in May is higher than it was in April; export of goods has held up better than expected; and, outside of a bad garment-industry slump in New York City, things over the country, at the moment, are bobbing along fairly actively as instalment buying rises and consumers go more into debt. Prices are not coming down very fast, but most economists here think they will drop 10 to 15 percent by the end of the year.

HARRY TRUMAN gets plenty of liberal advice. His unexpected crack at Taft last week indicates that he may be listening to some of it. If Taft spoke as he was quoted, he had casually fired a double-barrel at Truman's two pet policies: price reduction and foreign aid. This sort of sniping by Republicans has been going on for a long time. Nobody has said much about it. Then at the White House press conference, President Truman, to the astonishment of reporters and with considerable zest and feeling, read aloud a closely printed, two-page reply to Taft, copies of which were distributed as the wondering crowd departed. It was all true what he said about Taft—but how come Harry was saying it? His sharp rejoinder, just before action on the tax and labor bills, indicated to some that the five months' truce was over and the political climate was changing. A lot of the President's friends hoped so.

Washington T. R. B.

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New Republic

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News in Focus

The Marshall Program

THERE are five months to go before November when, according to the time-table of some Americans, the final break with Russia over the issue of Germany, followed by the reorganization of the UN, is due. Meanwhile in all the foreign offices and among UN officials, the Truman Doctrine is becoming a bad dream. Secretary Marshall's program for the rebuilding of Europe is causing excitement, hope and concern.

In contrast to the generalities of Truman's speech, Marshall, in an address at Harvard, outlined carefully and accurately the plight of Europe today. "Our policy," Marshall said, "is directed not against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation and chaos. Its purpose should be the revival of a working economy in the world so as to permit the emergence of political and social conditions in which free institutions can exist. . . . Political passion and prejudice should have no part." Marshall added that all European nations should be eligible for aid and that European countries should participate in preparing this program, designed to rebuild Europe as a whole.

All liberals could applaud this program. In fact, one leading State Department official told a visitor, "Just how we'll distinguish it from Wallace's program we don't yet know." The founders and backers of the Truman Doctrine are eager to point out ways. These are: the denying of aid to Poland and Czechoslovakia; the assistance in continued purges of Communists; the rebuilding of German industry; and the concluding of separate peace treaties with Germany and Japan. Should the Marshall program follow these lines, then, according to Arthur Krock of the New York *Times*, "If this program brought about the withdrawal of Soviet Russia, that should not necessarily be taken as a world liability."

UN officials believe that the key to the Marshall program will be found in its approach to such UN agencies as the Economic Commission for Europe. If the Marshall program works through this commission, on which the USSR is represented, it will be supported in Europe. If it by-passes the commission it will be fought by Europeans as a divisive move that will not bring recovery or peace.

Rent Control

THE 80th Congress will be remembered for, among other things, its triumphant lobbyists. Of them all, none have been more successful than the real-estate boys, who have worked so well that today they don't care whether or not the President vetoes the rent-control bill. Real-estate owners will win either way.

While three million veterans search for homes and new construction falls, the National Association of Real Estate Boards reports in its newsletter that it has:

¶ Stopped passage of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner public-housing bill after it had passed the Senate without a dissenting vote and was pending in the House.

¶ Stopped consolidation of all housing agencies under the NHA, which would have given public housers control of all housing agencies.

¶ Got rid of Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt (December, 1946).

Sharing glory with the NAREB are two other well financed realty associations, the National Home and Property Owners' Foundation and the National Association of Home Builders.

Their local chapters place ads in the newspapers and individual members write to congressmen. Their national officers in Washington follow through. The Home and Property Owners spent $44,443 during the first three months of 1947 fighting rent control. In addition, the group—which lists among its members Senators Albert Hawkes (R, N. J.) and John W. Bricker (R, Ohio)—spent $8,600 on salaries for two lobbyists. The NAREB spent $13,356 for the same purpose and maintained five lobbyists, registered under the Lobbying Act at total salaries of $27,850 a year. The Home Builders pay one lobbyist $7,000.

Not missing a chance to capitalize on current "Red" hysteria, Home and Property Owners, in a full-page ad on the "fallacies of rent control," asked: "Why protect Turkey and Greece against communism and permit it to ruin our country?" The Fort Worth, Texas, Apartment Owners' Association cried: "The government has absolutely taken charge of property that people have spent their entire lives accumulating . . . it is communism pure and simple."

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The Associated Property Owners of America passed a resolution that "the spearhead of the Communist Front is rent control and public housing."

Before congressional committees, real-estate lobbyists argued that if rent ceilings were removed, construction would be stimulated by the prospect of a higher return for a few years even if rents eventually came down. To this bold assertion government officials dissented vigorously, pointing to what happened when building materials were decontrolled last November. The building-materials' price index by mid-April had risen 27.4 percent to an all-time high of 177.5 (on the 1926 base of 100).

The net result of the real-estate lobby's valiant effort is a rent-control measure as empty and ominous as a haunted house. In conference, the House and Senate have agreed to extend rent controls until next December, but the job will be done by local boards with only advisory powers and 15-percent rent increases are authorized by "mutual consent" between tenants and landlords. In plainer words, "Pay up or get out."

As a final triumph, the real-estate lobbyists point out that if Truman vetoes the bill and is sustained, rent control "will have expired anyway on June 30."

Fascism in Action

By Benito Mussolini's method of calculation, 1946 should have been Anno XXIV of the Fascist Era. However you figure things, it has turned out to be the year when a group of US congressmen fought to prevent publication of unkind words about fascism—Benito Mussolini's brand.

Leader of the sturdy band was a Chicago Republican, Representative Fred Busbey, who protested against publication of *Fascism in Action*—a scholarly analysis of how fascism grew in Germany, Italy and Spain, compiled by the Congressional Library research staff at the request of Representative Wright Patman (D, Tex.). It was designed as a companion piece to *Communism in Action*, which the House Administration Committee already has permitted the Government Printing Office to issue.

Since February, Patman has tried to get the book out of committee and, when hearings finally were held last week, he argued that it should serve as a warning that "a lot of organizations in this country have all the earmarks of . . . fascism."

As a former member of the Dies Committee, Busbey objected on these points:

¶ References which trace fascism in Spain, he claimed, reflect on the Catholic Church. (Dr. Ernest S. Griffith, Library reference-service director, testified that authorities have unanimously agreed that Spain's "single party, control of business by government, suppression of civil liberties" means fascism.)

¶ The chapter on German industry, he charged, is a "smear on business." (The document refers to I. G. Farben's cartel agreements, "numbering over 2,000 and including such industrial concerns as Standard Oil of New Jersey.")

¶ The foreword, written by Patman, makes statements without proof, Busbey said. (Patman points out that "there are many strong symptoms of fascism in our own democratic society." He makes such dangerous observations as: fascism can be combated through education, full employment.)

Busbey in 1944 distributed under his congressional frank some three million postcards accusing President Roosevelt of inviting communism because he was supported by the PAC. Of such "Busbey bogeys" (a press-coined definition) Roosevelt said: "This form of fear propaganda is not new. . . . It was used before by Mussolini's Black Shirts and by Hitler's Brown Shirts."

As Busbey shot accusations that a study of fascism would be "propaganda" in the hands of Communists, Patman warned that German industrialists helped create Nazism under a screen of fighting communism.

The last day of the hearings found the committee members still unable to settle the issue. Busbey declared that unless the book were revised it would produce a "nasty fight" over Spain and Catholicism on the House floor.

Quotes from Hearst

"The citizen is all but swamped with taxes. . . . He cannot save for his own security . . . he cannot accumulate the reserves of capital. . . ."
—*Hearst's New York* Daily Mirror *in a recent editorial.*

Operating revenue, $132 million.
Net income, $23 million.
Net earned surplus, $13.5 million.
Capital reserves, including treasury stock, capital and earned surpluses, $58 million.
—*From the financial statement for 1946 of Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc.*

Griswold for Greece

The name of Dwight Griswold was far down on the original list of possible choices for administrator of Greek aid under the Truman Doctrine program. The State Department had not dreamed that the dozen or so nominees ahead of Griswold would quickly and unanimously decline.

The man to whom the first trial of the Truman Doctrine is to be entrusted is a jovial, 53-year-old former Republican Governor of Nebraska, a vigorous, outdoors man, a lover of hunting, fishing and poker-playing. In 1944, Griswold made the nominating speech for Governor Dewey at the Chicago convention. In 1946, Griswold ran for the Republican senatorial nomination with the active support of Harold Stassen. Nebraska newspapers reported that his defeat by Senator Hugh Butler was due far more to local dissatisfaction with his record as Governor than to his strong international stand.

Last November, Nebraska Democrats were surprised to see their unemployed ex-Governor added to the civilian staff of US Military Governor Lucius D. Clay in Germany. When he was promoted to the Greek-loan post without their being consulted, organization Democrats in Nebraska could not control their rage. To the White House announcement that Griswold had been chosen because of his ability as an administrator, Democratic National Committeeman James Quigley replied: "Recent disclosures of the inefficiencies and lack of public ethics of the Griswold administration, which has helped saddle the state with the largest appropriations and taxes in state history, demonstrate Mr. Griswold's lack of qualifications for this important post."

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Report from New Delhi

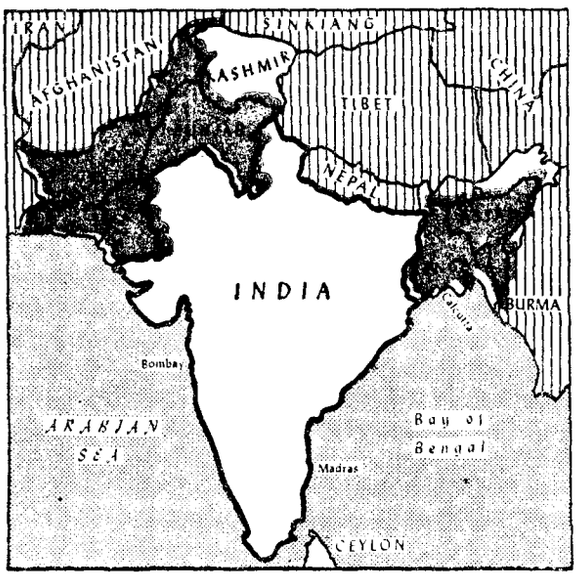
by Phillips Talbot

EARLY in the morning, after the dramatic announcement by the Viceroy, Viscount Mountbatten, that Indian leaders had agreed to divide and rule their country, wraithlike figures covered from head to foot in Burqa hoods led enthusiastic processions to Moslem League Mohammed Ali Jinnah's white-brick home on New Delhi's Aurangzeb Road. Waving scores of green-star-and-crescent flags, they shouted favorite Moslem slogans: *"Qaed-e-azam zindabad!"* and *"Pakistan zindabad!"* ("Long live our great leader!" and "Long live Pakistan!").

The women who raised these triumphant cries and many of the fez-wearing men who joined them thought little of the nearly insuperable problems involved in establishing a nation in two economically backward chunks of land separated by nearly 1,000 miles. They were not even dismayed that the leaders' agreement opened the way for the fracture of prosperous Punjab and busy Bengal, two provinces that Jinnah demanded intact in order to obtain a "viable" Pakistan. They were passing sweetmeats as victory toasts because, whether whole or only in part, a new Moslem nation was about to be born.

Hindus took a different view of the plan. The British were leaving—that was one thing. The greatest part of the country and the major portions of its industries—financial marts, communications, ports, coal, iron, mica, food—would come under the government dominated by Hindus.

Few Hindus, however, liked the idea that their leaders, Jawaharlal Nehru, Vallabhbhai Patel and others, had agreed to the division of India. Mahatma Gandhi, while consenting to go along with the judgment, answered a questioner, who asked whether he would fast in protest, by saying: "If Congress commits an act of madness, does that mean that I should die?"



In green—Pakistan, new Moslem State, Plebiscites will determine exact boundaries

But deep in their hearts, political leaders of both sides knew that partition plus the quick transfer of power was perhaps the last surviving chance of averting catastrophic civil strife.

For India's princes it was a different matter. Despite their fine cars and diamond-studded cuff links, some of the Maharajahs did not look happy after coming out of the meeting in which Viscount Mountbatten had told them what lay ahead for India. Theoretically, they were now free. Actually, they would lose British protection.

For British and Indian civil servants it was an administrative problem. How to divide up a 200-year-old empire in the short time of ten weeks? One British official commented, "Have you thought of the fantastic administrative complications? We can't throw our files into a cream separator expecting some to come out for Pakistan and others for the rest of India. What do we do with railways that crisscross the two zones, or irrigation systems—the biggest in the world—that water the soils of both parts? What of the telegraph and telephone-network power grids and the whole defense organization? Do you seriously think the army can be divided into two bits, yet remain more than a rabble?"

Despite such doubts, Britain's Mountbatten pushes ahead. For once fighting a campaign with plenty of support from the rear, he has handled the negotiations shrewdly. "It's amazing how he deals with Mr. Jinnah," said one Moslem League leader. "He knows just when to use charm, when to be firm and when to let down easily. I have never seen anyone else negotiate with Jinnah so successfully." Mountbatten's present goal, say his aides, is to keep moving so fast that no one else has time to throw a monkey wrench into the works. When the sailor-viceroy told newspapermen at a pull-no-punches press conference that "I've bought a steamship ticket for about August 15," he was half-laughing, half-serious.

MEANWHILE many Indians, not so worried about the politics and mechanics of transferring power, wonder about the future. The wounds made by the knife of partition are many. Without Delhi, Agra and Aligarh, say many Moslems, we are detached from our history and our culture. Yes, answer the Hindus, but without Sind, Baluchistan, perhaps the Northwest Frontier Province, and parts of Punjab, Bengal and Assam, our motherland is limbless.

Despite these losses, leaders of both sides hope to work out the difficult problems of partition and setting up the new government so that India can begin to stanch the flow of her people's blood.

Phillips Talbot is the Chicago Daily News *correspondent in India. He spent two years there as a research fellow of the Crane Foundation, and served during the war as a naval intelligence officer in both India and China.*

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"The King Is Dead . . ."

LAST week Oscar Ivanissevich, Argentine ambassador to the US, told President Truman that Peron had cleaned out Argentina's major Axis agents. Both the President and the State Department indicated that the US was satisfied. Spruille Braden resigned. Hemisphere-solidarity talks would be renewed.

LAST week also, the *New Republic* received a copy of the Italian-language propaganda sheet, *Presente,* published in Buenos Aires. *Presente's* issue commemorating the anniversary of Mussolini's death had sold out when it first appeared on April 28, but a few copies had been reissued. On the cover was the granite-faced Duce; inside, seven pages of eulogies.

"If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, cut me down; if I die, avenge me."

Army Showcase

WHEN someone asked an Army Public Relations Officer at Fort Knox, Kentucky, "What's this school supposed to do?" the young man wrinkled his brow and said: "This unit has one purpose—to sell Universal Military Training to the public."

The Fort Knox school—with 13 Army Public Relations Officers on duty to help stimulate sales—will be on display when the House Armed Services Committee begins hearings on Truman's request for "early consideration of the subject" of his Advisory Commission's report. In recent months, the War Department has succeeded in persuading newspaper editors, columnists, radio recording teams, clergymen and women's groups to visit Fort Knox. The visitors were sent letters signed by the Secretary of War. They travel in Army aircraft, free.

At Fort Knox, the visitors find 664 young men attended in their education by 560 Regular Army officers and men. The staff includes one judge advocate, a psychiatrist, two chaplains, three special-service (entertainment-procurement) officers, a staff of civilian instructors and 13 PRO's. The students are GI volunteers who agreed to take educational and vocational-training courses at Fort Knox, in addition to their regular training-camp routine of close-order drill and kitchen-police duty.

Most of the visitors write favorably of the Fort Knox school. Some note that the students, after crawling about under flat-trajectory fire for the greater part of the day, tend to cut their vocational and educational training classes and go to bed.

As the Army's exhibit A in the forthcoming Armed Services Committee hearings, the Fort Knox school will be expected to prove that UMT is good for American boys and is worth the $2 billion a year that conscription will cost.

Hungarian Outburst

FOR an occupant of the White House, Harry Truman's outburst on Hungary was neither dignified nor, as things developed, very close to the facts. The situation in Hungary, he said, was outrageous, just as anti-Russian headlines had been shrilling all week long since Prime Minister Ferenc Nagy announced from exile in Switzerland that he had been forced to resign.

With a notable lack of caution, the President accepted the newspaper accounts at their face value just when well informed correspondents were beginning to cool off in their assumption that wicked Reds had thwarted a democratically elected regime in Budapest.

Actually, all the returns were not in from Hungary, and charges of a Communist coup, such as the US press indignantly announced, were at best premature.

As a member of the conservative Small Holders' Party, Nagy had headed a coalition cabinet in which several key posts were held by Communists. There was little doubt that Hungarian Communist pressure, backed by the presence of Russian troops, had forced Nagy out of office. But exactly why was not clear. After several days of trumpeting about a Red coup, the staid New York *Times* acknowledged that perhaps—only perhaps—the Communists did have real evidence that Nagy had been committing unconstitutional acts contrary to the best interests of his country.

A fact that almost got lost in the tumult was that Nagy was succeeded by a member of his own Small Holders' Party, Lajos Dinnyes, who quickly announced a meeting of the Hungarian Parliament on June 10. The Small Holders, who won 245 of 409 seats in the 1945 elections, were still in office, though power apparently had shifted from the right to the left wing of the party and there were rumors that the left wing might break off completely to consolidate with the Socialist Party. Such a development might make the Socialists, who won 69 seats compared with 70 for the Communists, the majority party.

The State Department, acting with more caution than the President, sent a note to Budapest suggesting that Soviet pressure caused Nagy's ouster and characterizing such pressure as serious intervention in Hungary's internal affairs, a violation of the Yalta Agreement.

The State Department note also sug-

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gested that the US might carry the case to the United Nations. In a press interview on June 8, Premier Dinnyes replied that "nobody can withdraw the right from us to build up the most friendly relations with our neighbors, and no one can object to our intentions to develop the closest collaboration with Soviet Russia. . . . The Hungarian government will not keep any secrets whatever and will answer every question before the United Nations as well."

The day before the note was sent, the State Department had announced suspension of Hungary's US credits, which looked a great deal like more pressure on hapless Hungary.

Savage Defeated

REPUBLICANS in Washington's Third District retrieved their seat in Congress on June 7 after a wild, bitter election battle. The winner was publisher Russell V. Mack, who narrowly defeated Democrat Charles Savage—32,449 to 30,939—in a special vote held to replace the late GOP incumbent, Representative Fred Norman (the *NR*, May 26). Savage's defeat was a painful blow to the progressives who had won him the nomination last month and had hoped to send a New Deal liberal to the House. In losing they learned one political truth: that both enthusiastic doorbell pushing and solid party-organization support are needed to win out against a hard-boiled Republican machine backed by the press.

From the beginning, Mack was backed right down the line by his Republican organization. The Democratic machine, upset by Savage's open distaste for the Truman Doctrine, did not swing in behind him until the eleventh hour, and then only with half-hearted gestures. And it was in rural Lewis County, where the Democratic chairman walked out on Savage, that Mack piled up his biggest lead. The energetic political activity of such Savage groups as the Farmers' Union, the PCA, the ADA and a solid labor movement in many cases battled in vain against a stubborn Republican voting tendency in the district. And the 70 and 80-year-old Pension Fund members who went from house to house for Savage were no match for the sulphur-tongued press that rallied to Mack.

With the exception of the Vancouver *Sun*, every daily in the district was for Mack; they blasted Savage for "avoiding the issues," then on most occasions printed only a few lines of his speeches advocating public power, veterans' housing, and opposing crippling labor laws. Of the weeklies, 95 percent were pro-Mack, and all but a single radio station followed suit. Mack's most effective editorial pat on the head came from Hearst's Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. Because of the one-sided newspaper lineup, Mack's campaign views—his support of the Truman Doctrine, his stand favoring public power—were well advertised. Savage, on the other hand, was widely smeared as a Communist.

When it came to money, Savage was second-best again. The Republican State Committee flooded the district with $40,000 worth of Mack placards, radio programs and newspaper publicity, while the Democrats scraped together only a quarter of that sum. One old lady pressed 36 cents into Savage's hand after he finished a speech, with the directions to "use this to help your campaign."

Jekyll Island

ALONG the Georgia coast are 140 miles of beaches, of which only three miles are open to the public. Last week Governor M. E. Thompson turned expansionist, announcing a plan to capture new territory where "the plain people of Georgia" could sun themselves and swim in the surf. Thompson's target was 3,500-acre Jekyll Island, a winter resort owned by a club of 100 families, including Rockefellers, Morgans, Goulds and Pulitzers.

Although much of the sanctuary is overgrown with moss-bearded trees, the owners steadfastly refused to sell any part of it. So Thompson said he would ask the courts to condemn the island, thus forcing sale at an estimated $700,000 or so. If the campaign is successful, the state will gain nine miles of beaches, a clubhouse, yacht basin, several houses, a golf course, excellent fishing waters—all the makings of a first-class recreation base.

Sequel

WHEN Hendrix Rector was acquitted along with 27 others in the Greenville, South Carolina, lynching trial, he boasted, "I'm going to stay drunk for a month and then run for sheriff." Last week he was booked on a new charge: shooting up a car occupied by four Negroes.

Secret Strike

FOR 38 days, more than 8,000 white and Negro employees of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company (Camels and Prince Albert) in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, were on strike for a 15-cents-an-hour wage increase. Although the strike was the biggest in the country, it received so little mention in the press that it rated as one of the year's best-kept secrets (Reynolds spent more than $6 million on newspaper, radio and magazine advertising last year). This week the strike ended with a similar lack of fanfare. Members of the CIO Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers' Union voted to accept pay boosts reported variously from eight to 12 cents an hour, plus two extra holidays and more rapid promotions. Pointing to the company's initial offer of 5.5 cents, the strikers claimed victory.

As the men moved back into the sprawling plant, however, union officers continued urgent pleas for finan-

Drawing by Robinson

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cial assistance. Despite the help of townspeople and the half-price groceries offered pickets by local grocers, the union treasury was down to $75, with bills still coming in. A correspondingly serious dent in Reynolds' finances—1946 profits, after taxes: $28 million—could not readily be observed.

The Atomic Age

LAST week some black and white facts about the dawning Atomic Age were put on the record by Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer, former director of the Los Alamos Laboratories of the Manhattan District Project and now president of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey. In a statement to the Scientific Committee of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, he made these points:

¶ Carbon 14, which "may mean a profound alteration in our whole way of life," and other significant by-products may come from the use of atomic energy in research.

¶ "Within five years and possibly considerably less," usable electric energy will be derived from nuclear fission.

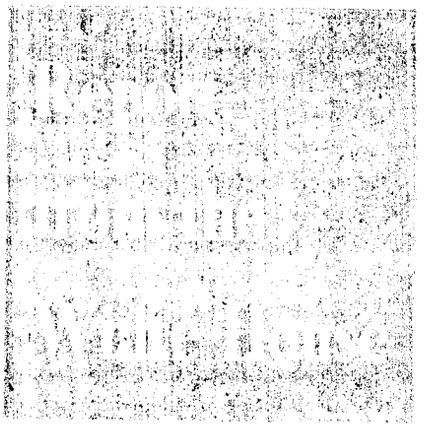
¶ In 10 or 20 years atomic energy may drive ships and rockets.

¶ But "it will take 30 to 50 years before atomic energy can in any substantial way supplement the general power resources of the world."

¶ Oppenheimer discounted warfare with poisons derived from nuclear fission and pooh-poohed cosmic-ray bombs.

¶ The proposed international-authority research program would require 10 percent of the world's physicists and chemists, five percent of the chemical engineers and five to 10 percent of the mining engineers.

¶ Once an international authority is working, there must be no secrecy, not even about atomic explosives. More than that, there must be a systematic program of dissemination and education. "I know it is not enough to tell someone a secret," said Oppenheimer. "It is very hard to give away a secret. You have to work at it week after week after week, because these things are complex."



by Helen Fuller

THE heat of next year's campaign hangs over the White House as Truman sweats out the answers to a series of big questions put up to him by the Republican Congress. On his desk, or headed there, are four test measures concocted by the Republican majority: the tax-reduction bill, the anti-labor bill, the rent-increase bill and the high-tariff wool bill. All four cut at the very heart of New Deal principles. Truman must approve or veto. It is hard to imagine a Roosevelt hesitating more than a moment or two over what to do with any of them. But Harry Truman has had great trouble making up his mind on perhaps the two most crucial. As a Senator, Truman had a clean record of support for labor's fundamental rights and for international economic coöperation, but as President he has faltered in confusion on both.

Will labor stick?

POLITICAL experts on both Right and Left generally agree that if Truman is renominated, his chances of reëlection in 1948 will depend more on labor's attitude toward him than on any other single factor. There is little doubt among these experts that signing of the Taft-Hartley bill would cost Truman the active support of labor and would probably result in labor's staying home from the polls. But signing is precisely what the President's Cabinet has urged him to do. Only Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach and Postmaster General Hannegan actively opposed his signing the bill. None of the White House staff really fought on labor's side in this showdown.

For day-by-day operations, the Inner Circle has narrowed in the last six months. Of the White House staff, only John Steelman, Clark Clifford and Admiral Leahy still have real influence on major issues. George Allen, who was perhaps top man in the Harry's Pals' club until banished from the presidential elbow a few months ago because of too much adverse publicity, still spends much of his time in Washington living comfortably off the lucrative directorships he collected as a result of his government connections. Today Allen visits the White House rarely and has lost his high standing in the club.

Harry and Harry

MAJOR GENERAL HARRY VAUGHAN, the President's old Army buddy, now spends most of his time on nickel-and-dime matters. But the top advisers know that Vaughan's relationship with the President is such that he can cut into the deal almost any time he really wishes (*e. g.*, the Vaughan-arranged Churchill speech at Fulton, Missouri, to Vaughan's Alma Mater).

Clifford and Steelman, together with presidential secretaries Matt Connelly, Charles Ross and Bill Hassett, see the President the first thing each morning to go over the business for the day. Most departmental matters clear through either Clifford or Steelman en route to the President. Clifford is still the closest thing Truman has to a number-one adviser. Six months of knife dodging from all sides do not seem to have ruffled the handsome lawyer's composure or undercut his position with the President. Those who deal with him still find him the same intelligent but too often uninformed listener that he was when he first acceded to the White House throne room. However, he is also the most-likely-to-be-sympathetic-to-a-liberal-idea of those close to Truman.

John Roy Steelman, the Alabama schoolteacher who got his Washing-

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ton start in ex-Secretary of Labor Perkins' Labor Mediation Service, still tries to be all things to all men. As a result, most of his colleagues in the Administration and almost all labor except the United Mine Workers' bosses have little use for him. One high-placed Democrat has nicknamed him "Anyface," after Fearless Fosdick's nemesis, to the glee of those who have suffered at Steelman's hands. While Steelman was assuring labor leaders that the President was carefully considering vetoing the Taft-Hartley labor measure, insiders could see no signs that he was giving the President any such advice himself. Rumors persist that the beaming conciliator is "on the skids," but nothing comes of them.

Secretary Marshall is, of course, the supreme holder of Truman's confidence on all matters of foreign policy. But Admiral Leahy, the aged friend of Vichy, has the advantage of seeing the President every morning to go over intelligence reports and other such matters. The White House staff frequently think they can identify ideas Truman expresses as those which the Admiral has been repeating.

Battery D in Washington

IN THE Cabinet, Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder still ranks closest to the President by virtue of their old Battery D loyalty to each other. Snyder does not run in and out of the President's office as continuously as he once did, but even more than Harry Vaughan he has an open sesame that always works when he needs it. In Cabinet meetings, Snyder's position is consistently conservative. He sincerely yearns to have all the "respectable" and "moderate" citizens like himself approve of his friend and boss and fiercely attacks the Democratic National Committee when it pushes for a liberal action which he thinks would keep these better elements from liking Harry. The mildest critic of Truman goes into the Snyder black book forever. And he reminds the President of these sinners at the proper times (*e. g.*, Snyder withdrew from the Los Angeles Jackson Day Dinner after the Los Angeles County Democratic Committee gave a formal reception for Henry Wallace, and he insisted that the President forbid Executive Director Gael Sullivan of the Democratic National Committee from attending the dinner).

Attorney General Clark, Secretary of Commerce Harriman and Secretary of the Navy Forrestal are trying to outdo each other in displays of energy, charm and agreeableness at Cabinet meetings and in relations with the President. Each is reputed to consider himself an excellent choice for the vice-presidency. Harriman and Forrestal are campaigning for the job with special confidence because they come from geographically acceptable New York. Jim Farley is said to be advising them both.

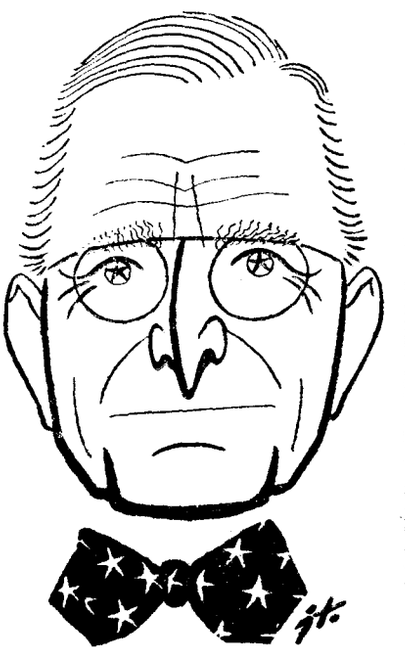
Right-wing Cabinet

JUDGING by recent actions, the Truman Cabinet definitely has turned its back on the New Deal. Snyder, the three eager candidates (Clark, Harriman and Forrestal), Patterson, Anderson and Krug all approved of the Taft-Hartley plan to strip labor of gains made under Roosevelt. Only Schwellenbach and Hannegan took labor's side. The line-up on the question of the portal-pay bill was almost the same. The Cabinet went along with Secretary Anderson's casual proposal of the high-tariff wool bill one day and tried to repair the damage they had done to our program of foreign economic coöperation only after public pressure had forced Anderson to recant his support of the measure.

Democratic organization in Congress has not been so chaotic since 1932. Confusion was natural after the rout in November. But order has never returned. Sam Rayburn doesn't enjoy the role of Minority Leader. The Democrats in both Houses who insist on working together for those progressive proposals which Truman sends to the Hill are forced to organize themselves as best they can. The Democratic National Committee is making a gallant effort to get some legislative results on the Truman platform, but Southerners still don't want the health, housing, education and civil-rights programs the President has proposed and old-line Democratic leaders seem to be just too tired to do anything.

Hannegan and Sullivan

DEMOCRATIC National Chairman Hannegan, after months of rest in Florida, is still too ill to return. But his young assistant, Gael Sullivan, with Hannegan's support, is putting all his strength into a running fight against reaction. Sullivan assembled the facts about the labor bill and carried the main burden of selling the veto idea to the White House. He had previously gone down to defeat with Schwellenbach in fighting for a veto of the portal-pay bill. And he isn't giving up yet on getting the Administration to put its full strength behind a housing program. This isn't just unselfish liberalism on Sullivan's part. He and professionals like Ed Flynn, Sullivan's teacher Mayor Ed Kelly, and Eleanor Roosevelt have political sense enough to know that Democratic victories come only when the Democrats are truly trying to serve the interests of working people. The small-minded men of the Truman Inner Circle are urging the President down quite a different political road.



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Henry Wallace

Report from the Northwest

THE Pacific Northwest is still the land of greatest promise in all America. To bring that promise into reality requires a close and constructive relationship between this region and the only entity in our democracy large enough to develop the incomparable resources of the Northwest—our federal government. At a time when powerful monopolies still guard the Northwest as their private domain, a forward-looking role on the part of the federal government is part of the progressive approach to public affairs.

That is one reason why progressives have such a broad appeal in the Northwest, and why they are leading the revival of the progressive movement in America today.

On the steps of Washington's beautiful state capitol at Olympia, I talked with one old-time progressive, L. C. Huntamer of Thurston County. As chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Thurston County, Huntamer hopes to rebuild the Democratic Party in Washington. He worked in the campaign to send Charles Savage to Congress.

"You know," Huntamer said, "they call me a Communist. I say, sure I'm a Communist. I say I was born here. I never had anything to start with. I built my own home and made my way. I raised 12 children in this democracy. I sent all of them through high school and six of them through the state university. Three of my boys were in the army, and here I was sheriff for 12 years. I guess I've had everything I want out of life. That makes me a Communist, doesn't it!" He laughed.

"I guess I am a leftist at that," Huntamer went on. I asked him what he meant and he thought for a while and said, "Well—anti-Republican.

"We're just naturally progressive here," he explained. "It's a new country. There's lots of wealth. It's all gobbled up by the rich right in front of our faces. We see the rich becoming richer and the poor becoming poorer and we're just naturally progressive. We get down close to nature and think for ourselves and we think, How in the hell is it we work hard every day in a rich country and get so little? We think a little more when we're hungry, and lots of times we've been hungry.

"Back in 1920 we formed the Farmer-Labor Party and pretty nearly elected Bob Bridges Governor," Huntamer said. "We voted for Debs when he was in jail because we weren't going to let Wall Street tell us how to vote. Then along in 1932 we organized the Liberty Party. Now we're all Democrats, but maybe we're not good Democrats. We're ready to feed the world but not to arm it. We're for what's best for the most, and when the Democratic Party ceases to be that kind of party, then we'll cease to be Democrats."

For a time last winter, the Democratic Party ceased to be a progressive party even in the Northwest. Democratic leaders decided that the sentiment which had been called progressivism was nothing more than the desire of the people of the Northwest to see the region developed. They believed that America was moving toward years of reaction. They could not defend the Truman Doctrine, but they believed that the only alternative was a diehard Republican administration. So a new kind of isolationism grew up in this region, an attitude of turning away from discussion of international and even national problems and talking only about the problems of the Northwest.

BUT today all problems are national and international in scope. Seattle, as the great port of the Northwest, looks for its future to the development of Alaska and to increased trade with China. A policy which lifts Alaska out of her present colonial status and which works for a powerful and united China is vital to Seattle's future.

Furthermore, in Washington, as in Oregon, California, Michigan, North Dakota and many other states, the Republican legislatures overreached themselves this year. At the insistence of short-sighted and selfish vested interests, these legislatures have struck at every social and economic gain made during the past 15 years.

Meeting this year, with a two-thirds Republican majority in the House and a two-thirds majority of Republicans and tory Democrats in the Senate, the Washington state legislature took these actions:

It created a "little Dies Committee" with powers to undermine civil liberties beyond the wildest proposals of reactionaries in Congress. One committee member even called for the right of summary execution.

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It passed a state anti-strike law affecting all government employees on every public pay roll in the state. This law makes membership of civil servants in an organization which asserts the right to strike punishable by a fine of $1,000 and a year in jail.

The legislature went on practically to destroy one of the most advanced state pension systems in America, adopted by directed referendum of the people in Washington. It abolished the minimum guarantee of $150 a month for old-age pensions. It killed the medical-aid program for Washington's senior citizens. It established, as a condition of assistance to poverty-stricken people, the cruelest form of pressure, a lien held by the state on the property of all those receiving state aid. It turned general assistance back to the counties and established a three-year-residence requirement for assistance. It abolished standards for aid to dependent children, the blind, and for general-assistance grants as well as for old-age pensions.

The legislature appropriated $50 million less than the minimum sum necessary to maintain the state social-security program established by the previous legislature.

THESE acts are now known in Washington as "The Hunger Laws." Their effects have been disastrous. Hundreds of families without savings have been cut off all relief rolls. Thousands have seen their only source of income drastically reduced. Throughout the summer further slashes in pension payments will be made. At Bremerton—just across from Seattle—where masses of war workers came to turn out ships, thousands of families today are unemployed and stranded. They have no county medical facilities. The action of the legislature in slashing funds for medical care caused the Roosevelt Hospital, built in wartime, to close down. In one day, 26 patients were turned out on the streets, with nowhere to go. These Bremerton residents, brought here to help win the war, lack the three years' residence to qualify for social security under the new law. Their position is truly desperate.

To make matters worse, Congress put the Northwest back a generation by slashing federal appropriations for the development of the Columbia River. Handicapped by high freight rates and material costs, cheap power is the West's one hope of escaping from economic subordination to Eastern monopoly interests. When Republicans in Congress voted 186 to 9 to prevent the restoration of the reclamation appropriations, they struck a direct blow at all Washington citizens—war workers who want to stay in the Northwest, farmers who want rural electrification and stable markets, veterans who want to begin new lives farming in the rich interior of Washington, businessmen who know that all the promise of the Coulee and Bonneville developments will be lost if factories to manufacture household equipment and other supplies cannot be built alongside the great aluminum plants established in wartime.

Today, in all of these groups, a hot anger is rising.

The workers are still badly split between left and right wings within the CIO and between the CIO and the far more powerful AFL. Progressives are still divided. Farmers are unorganized. But a change is coming.

The older people of Washington are highly organized in the Washington Pension Union. It is a dues-paying, doorbell-ringing, precinct organization made up of real fighters, and its influence is growing swiftly in response to the action of the state legislature.

The bill to outlaw strikes against the government has aroused determined opposition. Under this measure, signed by Governor Wallgren when it was made part of an omnibus appropriations bill, every citizen who works for the government may be compelled to sign a sworn statement that "I am not a member of any organization . . . that asserts the right to strike against the United States, state or local governments . . . and . . . I will not . . . engage in a strike against the State of Washington or any office, department or agency thereof. . . ." This "yellow-dog contract" covers all teachers, civil-service employees and also, presumably, longshoremen, teamsters and building-trades workers engaged on government contracts.

Soon after its passage, wages of civil-service employees at the Kings County Hospital were cut. Dave Beck, boss of the teamsters and a Regent of the University of Washington, approved the bill. But the people of Washington are alarmed by its implications. Teachers are refusing to sign the contracts, union members are resigning from government service rather than submit to the orders of the act, and its legality has been widely challenged. It is one more sign of a menacing effort to restrict the liberties of Americans.

THESE issues were brought out by Savage. In a primary campaign in which Savage posters were torn down and divisions grew among Democrats, Savage defeated a right-wing candidate. Lacking the all-out support of his own party, he struggled to keep the issues clear. The conservative press of Olympia and Vancouver obscured consideration of local issues by charging that Savage was a Communist. In a series of smear articles, the leading local paper, the *Olympian,* tried to substantiate its charges. The first piece of evidence was Savage's vote in Congress against continuation of the Dies Committee; the second was his vote against a crippling amendment to

(Continued on page 37)

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Young Man in a Hurry

by Dale Kramer

Mayor Hubert Humphrey of Minneapolis is a surging political paradox whom liberals elected and conservatives like

EARLY this week, the people of Minneapolis watched Hubert Humphrey, their mayor, wind up another of his whirlwind municipal campaigns. Able, aggressive, supported by the Cowles press, 36-year-old Humphrey is perhaps the most interesting phenomenon in the liberal skies of the Northwest.

If he can keep the bloc of liberal voters who have supported him in the past, the mayoralty will almost certainly be only a way station in his swift rise to eminence. Not long ago, the Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) made him a national vice-chairman. He is finding time to accept some of the invitations from out-of-state liberal groups and his sights are trained on the elections of 1948. The political ferment of the North Central States, a potent yeast in the history of America, has in recent years thrust two young Republican Minnesotans into national prominence: ex-Governor Harold E. Stassen and Senator Joseph H. Ball. Both of these play the game to the right of center. In edging Humphrey to fame, Minnesota presents a figure who has chosen to fight it out in the vague area known as left-of-center.

Humphrey is a slight, dark young man whose good looks are made more than conventional by a combination of intensity and animation. He is possessed of well above the normal supply of nervous energy. His mind is rapid and he is a staccato, machine-gun orator of great power and versatility. It has been said that in a rough-and-ready debate with, for example, Senator Ball—a possibility, since they may oppose each other in 1948—he could make two or three speeches while Joe was winding up to throw. A former honor student and political-science teacher, he can twirl his Phi Beta Kappa key and bandy theories and statistics with the best.

Humphrey's career has been as unorthodox as it has been brilliant. Not many men, at 34, are elected to the mayoralty of a city of half a million. Fewer yet have achieved it after a residence of barely five years.

Humphrey is from Huron, South Dakota, a small town which once sent his father, a druggist, to the state legislature. Young Hugh (the customary diminutive) was something of a boy orator. The elder Humphrey had been a warm admirer of Wilson's New Freedom, and consequently Hugh found himself making liberal campaign speeches while shy of voting age. He is one of the depression-weaned young men now rising in politics. The 1929 crash forced him out of the University of Minnesota at the end of his second year. He spent the next eight as a partner in his father's store, except for time out to attend a pharmacy school. In 1937 he returned to the university, got a B.A. in Political Science, then went to Louisiana State University for his M.A. It was not until 1940 that he really settled in Minnesota.

A career in the WPA has helped more than one man into office, but Humphrey is probably the only one to whom it gave so lusty a boost when so near its end. Starting as a regional supervisor for the workers' education section, Humphrey soon became state director of community-service programs. The work gave him a chance to speak before many groups, including labor unions. His platform ability and ardent New Dealism quickly caught the attention of Minnesota progressives.

In casting about in 1943 for somebody to oppose the conservative Minneapolis mayor, it occurred to the city's labor leaders that Humphrey might make a good run. Minnesota had, after all, elected Harold Stassen Governor at 31. When approached, Humphrey was uncertain. He was anything but adverse to holding public office, but this looked like a fairly certain way of falling flat on his face. To most voters he was still completely unknown. There was the question whether he could afford the necessary time off his job (he has a wife and three children). Finally he decided to take a whirl at it. With only 19 days of the campaign left, he whipped about the city at such a white heat that one of the two places on the final ballot fell to him. He was defeated in the runoff by a margin of only 5,000 votes. Overnight he had become a man to contend with in Minnesota politics.

A fusion is created

HUMPHREY took a post teaching Political Science at Macalester College, St. Paul, and another as news analyst for a radio station—but he found time for politics. The Republicans had made a clean sweep of Minnesota in the two previous elections. The once powerful Farmer-Laborites had not carried a single state or national office. The Democrats were a weak third party. Talk of merging the Farmer-Laborites and the Democrats was in the air. Humphrey was one of the more eloquent advocates of merger and in 1944 he went to Washington to discuss the situation with Frank Walker, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Roose-

Dale Kramer, free-lance writer and former war correspondent for Yank, *has been active in the progressive farm movement in the Middle West and served under Governor Elmer Benson as manager of the Minnesota State Mill.*

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velt had always carried Minnesota, and, in what looked like a tight race, Walker wanted to take no chances in 1944. After behind-the-scenes discussions, he journeyed to Minnesota and helped set up a fusion committee representing Democrats and Farmer-Laborites. Humphrey was named chairman. The result was the present Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party (DFL).

Humphrey added to his prestige by his role in the DFL campaign for the national and state tickets. The campaign, sparked by former Governor Benson, an old-time Farmer-Laborite, and backed by organized labor, was a resounding success. Roosevelt won a larger majority than in 1940 and two DFL representatives were elected. Though in a position to ask for a good federal job, Humphrey opened a public-relations office to pay bread-and-butter bills and speeded up his tours among church, fraternal, labor and other groups.

The outcome of the 1945 Minneapolis mayoralty campaign was never in doubt. Humphrey beat his conqueror of two years before by 86,376 to 54,983, carrying 11 of the 13 wards.

"Outstanding Minneapolitan"

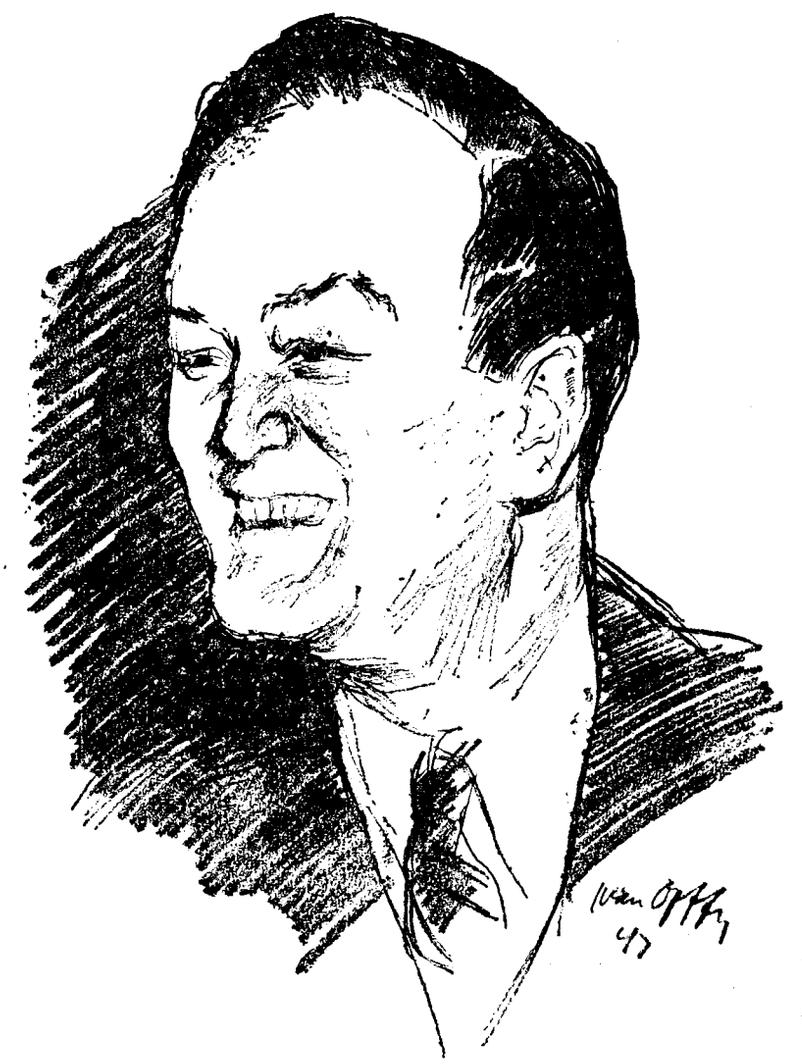
HUMPHREY'S administration is compared by his friends with that of Fiorello LaGuardia in New York. His attacks on fiscal snarls have satisfied economy-minded big taxpayers. He has campaigned against gamblers and the rest of the underworld. He pushed through the city council a Fair Employment Practice ordinance and he set up a Council on Human Relations which pokes into the dark corners of religious and racial prejudices. Humphrey is a man of amazing energy. City Hall reporters have often wished he could be elected Governor, Senator, President, or chosen Ambassador to Siam—anything to give them a chance to settle back into the quiet routine that preceded him in the mayor's office.

Humphrey's ways have been so winning that open detraction of him or his works is rare from any source. The press—Cowles-owned—treats him graciously. Both the AFL Central Labor Union and the Hennepin County Council of the CIO support him. Additional support has come from groups not conspicuously associated with the liberal cause. The state Junior Association of Commerce, composed of young men of generally conservative views, joined with the Minneapolis *Star-Journal* and *Tribune* in 1945 to name him "Outstanding Minneapolitan" and "Outstanding Young Man of the Year in Minnesota."

It is this enthusiasm for Humphrey in places that to them seem perilously close to center that disturbs the old-time Farmer-Laborites. To understand their feeling one must look back at the record of ferment and discontent that has charged Northwestern political affairs for a generation.

Thirty years ago, the banking and milling and railroad interests of the North Central States looked upon organized agrarian discontent as Red Revolution. The Non-Partisan League, out of which the Farmer-Labor Party grew, swept like a grass fire through the agrarian Northwest just before and after World War I. The league captured the North Dakota Republican Party, but failing in Minnesota (where Charles A. Lindbergh Sr. was its standard-bearer), it joined with city workers to found the Farmer-Labor Party. The new party fought its battles bitterly, with no quarter or kind words from any of its opponents. For two decades the Farmer-Labor Party dominated Minnesota politics.

In recent years, what with high farm prices and new problems, some of the fight has gone out of the farmers. But the Scandinavians who built the great Minnesota coöperative movement still have faith in some sort of coöperative commonwealth and are wary of soft words from their old foes. Those farmers who have stuck to political action —the largest number live in the cut-



HUMPHREY OF MINNEAPOLIS

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over pine sections of the north—are even more inclined to wonder about a figure dressed in their political garments who is patted on the back by men and newspapers considered in the enemy's camp,

A great part of the Farmer-Labor Party has always rested on Minnesota workingmen and the movement has been keyed to the efforts of labor to organize. For a long time Minneapolis was an open-shop city with a Citizens' Alliance willing to use the roughest methods to keep it that way. The steel companies fought organization of the iron miners as hard as they did the men in their mills. Old fighters bearing scars of bloody conflict do not believe their old enemies have changed heart and they, too, are disturbed when their standard-bearer makes friends in hostile ground.

Friction in the mayor's office

THE union that Humphrey helped weave between the old-line Democratic machine and the substance of the Farmer-Labor movement has been effective and has operated with surface harmony. But the leader of the old, unreconstructed Farmer-Laborites is ex-Governor Elmer A. Benson, and though Benson and Humphrey groups get along, it is not always without friction.

For example, it has been charged that Humphrey prefers the extreme right wing of the old Democratic Party—that in the 1946 DFL convention he tried to force acceptance of one of its members as party chairman. Actually, as in his recent defeat at the Ramsey County convention, Humphrey was lined up with the more reactionary elements of the old Democratic Party who sought to perpetuate themselves in power in spite of the fact that the Farmer-Laborites were in the vast majority in the new organization. Everybody agrees that elimination of the Democrats would be a mistake, yet it is accepted that for years the Democratic organization was a patronage group with limited popular support. Mutterings are heard that Humphrey's aim is to destroy the old Farmer-Labor organization—based largely on neighborhood clubs—and replace it with a personal machine.

There is also a belief that Humphrey's public and private Red-baiting goes beyond opposition to the Communists and a desire to dissociate himself from them. The customary tactic of Stassen's machine and the press for more than a decade has been to brand Benson "Communist-dominated." Many old-timers feel that Humphrey, by his Red-baiting, indirectly supports this campaign while accepting Benson's support.

Finally, it is claimed that Humphrey's political word is not always good—a charge that would not be recorded if it did not come from sources in entire accord with his general philosophy. Humphrey's admitted persuasiveness may lead people to believe they have heard something not actually said. Or, owing to inexperience, he may have made honest promises that proved impossible of fulfilment. Whatever the cause, Humphrey has failed to achieve the golden asset of the practical politician: a reputation for never going back on his word.

As Humphrey edges toward the national forum, 1948 would seem to be his year of golden opportunity. Both the governorship and Joe Ball's seat in the Senate will be open at the polls. Whether Humphrey can win either post depends on two sets of uncertainties: first, the conflict within the Republican Party over Joe Ball, and second, Humphrey's ability to dominate his own coalition party.

Senatorial pay-off

BALL, who will make another try for the Senate next year, has had a strange career that keeps getting stranger. As a run-of-the-mill reporter he was a vociferous Newspaper Guildsman. "We were always afraid Joe had planted dynamite under the building," a former fellow worker said recently. But after becoming political columnist for the conservative St. Paul *Pioneer Press* and *Dispatch,* Ball dropped out of the Guild when it joined the CIO. He thereupon promoted Stassen's first primary and election races so adroitly that when Senator Ernest Lundeen was killed in a plane crash, Stassen paid off by appointing him to the vacancy.

Now Ball's proposed labor-curbing measures have brought him the hatred of all factions of Minnesota labor. It is widely believed that Stassen, well aware that no open conservative has carried Minnesota for a decade and a half, advised against the rapid and unconcealed shift to the Right. As a result, Ball may get lukewarm support, if any, from the Stassen machine.

Should the Republicans choose Ball, Humphrey, in opposing him, would have what looks like an easy mark. But the Republicans may select the present Governor, Luther Youngdahl, to run in the primary against Ball. And Youngdahl may win. Minnesota politicians are sure that Youngdahl was thinking of the Senate when he delivered a surprisingly liberal inaugural speech. Personable, a strong campaigner—he had previously been elected to the state supreme court—Youngdahl would be hard to beat.

Jorgenson, son of Scandinavia

THE uncertainty within Humphrey's own party revolves around Theodore Jorgenson, a History professor at St. Olaf College. Jorgenson, who was the DFL senatorial candidate in 1946, is a great favorite of the Benson group and of the old-line Farmer-Laborites, who are not convinced Humphrey is a genuine liberal. Jorgenson is an able orator; audiences are impressed by his knowledge and sincerity; and his Scandinavian name is of more value politically in Minnesota than the English Humphrey. A primary fight between Jorgenson and Humphrey for the Senate seat would do the liberals no good. On the other hand, the two would make a powerful vote-getting team if bracketed on the same ticket.

A senatorial victory for Humphrey could quickly make him a major national figure, for his debating talents and showmanship are admirably suited to success in the Upper House. Progress would be slower in the state capitol, but he would find ways of reaching a national audience. The danger is that in pursuing votes near or maybe a little across the center line, Humphrey will cut himself off from Minnesota's solid liberal base. The Stassen-trained GOP politicians can be depended on to lure him deeper toward destruction, while the old-time Farmer-Laborites, alienated by what they think is his personal opportunism, might not ride to his rescue. If that happens, Humphrey's star can blink out as quickly as it began to shine.

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Journalism with the Heat On

by Richard Strouse

Publishing a newspaper in Palestine today involves censorship, inflation, rebellion and a great deal of high diplomacy

EARLY in the evening of the eighth day of the martial law declared by His Majesty's High Commissioner for Palestine in Tel-Aviv last March, Daniel Agronsky, the Tel-Aviv correspondent of his father's *Palestine Post*, parked his little English car opposite a British compound in the southeast corner of the city known as Citrus House Fortress.

Agronsky showed his trilingual correspondent's pass to a Coldstream Guardsman at one of the few openings in the barbed-wire concertina that surrounded the compound, and was waved in. He followed a sidewalk past Citrus House itself, a crescent-shaped building that had been the headquarters of the Citrus Board until the British Army requisitioned and sandbagged it and emplaced machine guns on its roof, and climbed to the second floor of a building in which the British had improvised a press room, or press suite, by installing six telephones in a requisitioned three-room apartment. Four or five correspondents, including the Associated Press and Reuter's men, were phoning in their stories.

Agronsky called Jerusalem, 40 miles away, and began reading his story of the day's developments in Tel-Aviv to a secretary in the *Post's* home office. He had nothing very dramatic to tell. Although the British had explained that they had imposed martial law in order to seal off and, as they put it, "winkle out" the Jewish terrorists who were supposed to be concentrated in Tel-Aviv, they had done little house-to-house searching. The terrorists, in return, had been blowing things up in almost every part of Palestine *except* Tel-Aviv during the eight days. Agronsky was reporting merely that limited bus and phone services had been restored when the chatter of machine guns interrupted him. He told his office that "somebody was shooting," and kept the line open.

When bullets began to smash through the windows and spend themselves against the walls, the correspondents scattered, dragging their phones after them. One lay against a wall. A second got into the bathtub. Agronsky crawled under a table. A Guardsman locked the press-suite door. For the better part of half an hour Jewish terrorists, in one of the two outbreaks of violence that occurred in Tel-Aviv during the martial law, sniped at Citrus House Fortress, while Agronsky and his colleagues, all of whom were Jewish, held phones in their laps and reported the attack.

Agronsky, a tall, sleepy-eyed young man with a swimmer's rangy, deep-chested build, is at present in the United States studying the editorial methods of American newspapers. He describes the Citrus House incident in easy-flowing American slang with an undertone that is difficult to place. (He was born in Greenwich Village, but was bundled off to Palestine when he was two and learned Hebrew, Arabic and English before he was six.) He thinks he was lucky to be in on the Citrus House shooting. "I phoned in what I heard," he says. "Usually, when you cover a violence story in Palestine, all you can get is a censored version."

Censorship, to Agronsky, is the most irritating of the limitations that make the publication of a daily paper in Palestine—a country that is governed as well as taxed without local representation, and slashed by a rebellion and its counter-measures—a matter of diplomacy as much as of journalism. The High Commissioner has the authority to fine or suspend any paper. The Chief Censor, a bony, retired British Regular Army colonel named Harold Gray, operates under that authority. Gray appoints Jews

THE PALESTINE POST
LATE Edition
POST
PARCEL SERVICE EGGED
Column One
By David Courtney
MARTIAL LAW OFF TODAY
'ELEPHANT' AND 'HIPPO' AREAS RETURN TO NORMAL AFTER FIFTEEN DAYS
Statutory Martial Law, imposed on Tel Aviv, Ramat Gan, Bnei Brak, Petah Tikva, and the northeast quarters of Jerusalem
HUNDRED HOURS
CIVILIANS, TROOPS WELCOME RELEASE
TEL AVIV, Sunday. — Excitement gripped Tel Aviv this
Syria-T.J. Rift
ARAB UNITY THREATENED
CAIRO, Sunday. — The acute differences between Syria and Trans-Jordan which have come to the surface in the past few days

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and Arabs as his assistant or subsidiary censors, arms them with directives and assigns them to his main Censor's Office in Tel-Aviv, where all dailies except the *Palestine Post* are published.

Orange censorship

THE censors can rule that a story contradicts a directive, but lack the authority either to insist on seeing stories or to give final approval: even if a censor passes a story, the paper that prints it can still be punished if a representative of the government, reading the story next day, decides it was "dangerous to public security." In any case, Palestine's editors submit controversial material before printing it, and hope for the best. Till six in the evening, copy that might be censorable is sent as a matter of routine to the Censor's Office. From six to midnight, it is checked by phone. At midnight the head of the Censor's Office, a chubby little immigrant from Germany named Sief, makes the rounds of the papers to look over any late copy an editor wants to submit. Once Sief gets home, the only way to check a story is to rout him out of bed.

The High Commissioner has implied that a paper can be punished for "failing to coöperate" if it refuses to publish a government-inspired story as well as if it publishes a censorable one. Last February, Agronsky wrote in the *Post* that oranges were rotting on Palestine's trees because wood for crating them and ships for transporting them to citrus-hungry England had not arrived on schedule, although the British Trade Commission had contracted to supply them. The government, considering the story a slur on British efficiency, issued a communiqué denying it and rushed the denial to the *Post*. Not wishing to be accused of "failing to coöperate," the *Post* ran the denial of its own true story. (The denial probably did not highly impress the *Post's* readers, though, since its main argument was that crating and ships were on their way—hardly a refutation of the charge that they had not already arrived.)

Censorship proved itself auspiciously ineffective when it ordained that Palestine's editors could not mention the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem by name. The *Post* went on reporting the Mufti's activities, simply attributing them to "a well known Arab personality" and the *Post's* subscribers, alerted by experience to reading between the lines, began referring to the Mufti as "That Personality" in their private conversations.

The paper that has been able to get the truth past the censor without ever yet having been fined or suspended, was founded to offset British-Zionist friction. Fifteen years ago, Gershon Agronsky, Daniel's father and, according to his son's description, "an ardent Zionist and an ardent Socialist with an ardent desire to be an editor," persuaded a group of London Zionists to put up the money for an objective English-language paper in Palestine and appoint him its editor.

European

The elder Agronsky, an admirer of the late William Allen White, argued that a restrained and responsible daily printed in English would be able to explain the Jewish position to the British—an assignment beyond the scope of the other Palestine papers that were printed in Hebrew and were as anti-British and factional in tone as the censorship permitted.

The result was the compact little *Palestine Post*, a fact-packed journal that reads like the objective and pacific *Christian Science Monitor*. (The *Post* is at present campaigning against Jewish terrorism.) Into his four pages, editor Agronsky is able to cram approximately two pages of news, two editorial columns, a cinema column, stock-market quotations, "wireless" program listings, a society and personals column and a half-page of sports angled specifically for British troops. Advertising is limited to one-third of the space, which compares favorably or unfavorably, depending on the reader's prejudice, with the 67-percent average of the Chicago *Tribune*. A typical recent issue included ads for Haig Whisky, Okava ("the sturdy blade for stubborn beards"), Tamar ("the first lady of the bathroom") and Rennies ("a couple of Rennies after your food—indigestion completely subdued").

Headache in a curfew

AS ITS writing staff, the *Post* has eight reporters and rewritemen in Jerusalem, three full-time correspondents in Tel-Aviv, two in Haifa, and one each in New York and London. For obvious language reasons, only English and Americans are hired for editorial work. The business department is less finicky concerning language, and includes Germans, Russians, Poles, Americans, Palestinians and Spaniards. The printers are mostly Russian and Polish immigrants.

Getting the printers, and anyone else who is needed, to the office on curfew nights is a special problem. When British soundtrucks roll slowly through Jerusalem blaring that a curfew has been declared and that the streets must be cleared in 30 minutes or an hour, the *Post's* night shift can't get to the office without their curfew passes—and they can't get to the Public Information Office to *get* their passes. Daniel Agronsky, whose press pass and car make him a handy man to have around in a curfew, is drafted if he happens to be in Jerusalem. Agronsky drives to the Public Information Office through empty streets in which he and British military patrols are the only moving objects, picks up the passes of all *Post* employees needed that night, and delivers the passes to the homes of the employees—

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Press Association

PALESTINE'S TENSION REVOLVES AROUND "ILLEGAL" IMMIGRANTS FROM EUROPE

a personalized special-delivery service that takes about two hours to accomplish.

Curfew restrictions also affect the daily delivery of the paper, an operation complicated by Palestine's long, lean geography. The *Post* has contracted with a trucking coöperative to make a daily round-trip run from Jerusalem to Haifa in the north, dropping off bundles of *Posts* at communities in between. The newspaper's own twelve-year-old Ford makes a similar run to Jewish towns south of Jerusalem, and then continues on through Arab territory to the British army camps at Rafa, where the half-page of sports is, presumably, read first. Only one non-interchangeable curfew pass is issued to each of the vehicles. As a result, the same two drivers make the nine-hour trips six days a week. The Rafa driver was beaten up twice during the past year, and the Haifa driver once, by soldiers who refused to recognize their passes. Agronsky claims that in all three cases the passes were in order.

During the martial law in Tel-Aviv, delivery of the *Post* became for once a British headache. The British military wanted the *Post* delivered as usual—both because it contained official communiqués and because its accuracy spiked rumors. But the same military refused to permit any non-military vehicles, including the *Post's* delivery truck, to enter Tel-Aviv. The stalemate was resolved when Agronsky, who also thought that the *Posts* ought to reach the city, suggested a delivery technique to the British. Thereafter, at 4:30 each morning, the *Post's* truck, loaded with bundles of the paper, rolled up to the barbed-wire road-block the British had strung across the main road from Jerusalem to Tel-Aviv. At the same time, a British army pick-up truck scurried toward the road-block from the opposite side. A detachment of British soldiers, under general orders not to fraternize with Jews but under specific orders

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to get the *Posts* into Tel-Aviv, transferred the bundles of papers from the *Post's* truck to theirs. The *Post's* Jewish driver helped when he was in the mood.

300-percent inflation

EVEN the elementary matter of obtaining cars to carry on *Post* business faces international complications. The old Ford, Agronsky's car and a new Ford station wagon that came as a gift from a friend in the United States, are the *Post's* only vehicles. The paper has not expanded its fleet because of the operation of the empire's dollar pool, a device in which all dollar credits of all members of the sterling bloc are pooled and rationed by England. Of the $14 million collected in the United States for Palestine last year, for example, dollar credits of only $3 million were assigned to Palestine Jews; the remaining $11 million was placed in the empire's dollar pool and the Jews were given corresponding credits in pounds. Unable to get the necessary dollar credit for an additional American car, the *Post,* in desperation, paid £675, or approximately $2,700, for Agronsky's little English car.

Prices in general in Palestine have increased approximately 300 percent since 1941. However, due to the Palestine Workers' Labor Federation—the single Palestine labor union that embraces all workers—the inflation has not been accompanied by a loss of consumer purchasing power. The Palestine government, in which the Jews have no voice, sets the price of goods that it rations. The PWLF, in return, insists that a cost-of-living bonus be paid to all employees and adjusted monthly to the price index. Agronsky's base pay as a reporter was £21 a month; his income, including his cost-of-living bonus, was £53 a month when he left Palestine, an increase that accurately reflected the rise in prices.

Agronsky and his wife sailed from Haifa to New York on an educational junket: Agronsky left school at 18 to volunteer for the British army, and thinks he can learn more about journalism from first-hand observation than from resuming his formal education. They are living in a friend's Thirty-fifth Street apartment. Rummaging in a desk drawer for cigarettes, Agronsky came across a stubby 45-caliber-pistol cartridge. He fiddled with the cartridge while he talked. An anti-terrorist, he doesn't think rebellion offers the solution to Palestine's problems. But he can't understand Britain's opposition to a Jewish National Homeland.

"Britain is supposed to be afraid that the immigrants from Eastern Europe will turn Palestine into a Communist country if the British move out," he says. "That's just silly—those immigrants left Poland and Russia and eastern Germany because they'd been in contact with communism and had decided they didn't want any. On a percentage basis, the Communist Party of Palestine is the smallest and least effective in the world. Until three months ago, when the *Kol-Haam,* the 'Voice of the People,' began daily rather than weekly publication, Palestine didn't have a daily Communist newspaper. I'm betting the *Kol-Haam* won't last as a daily—Jews have had too much first-hand contact with communism or with people who've lived under Communist governments to be misled by dreams of ideological Utopias."

Fingerproof glue

BECAUSE he values both his freedom and his position as a reporter whom Jews and British alike respect, Agronsky's contacts with the terrorists are as impersonal as he can make them. As a Palestine Jew, he cannot legally talk with a terrorist or receive correspondence from a terrorist without reporting the incident to the British police. As a journalist, he cannot mention the terrorists' radio, "Voice of Fighting Judea," or the posters the terrorists glue to walls and shop windows and telegraph poles almost every night with a special mucilage that makes removal impossible except with a razor blade.

The restrictions do not pertain to the *Middle-East Mail,* a British army paper printed in Egypt and flown to Palestine and the only English-language paper other than the *Post* that is distributed regularly in Palestine. Two or three times a week, Jerusalem newsdealers hawk a *Middle-East Mail* containing a pronouncement by the terrorists, and a *Palestine Post* lacking it, from the same newsstand.

Although they have been forced underground, the terrorists have not gone under very far. Without soliciting it, all foreign correspondents start receiving terrorist propaganda within two days of their arrival in Palestine. The neatly printed leaflets and information letters are sent through the British-owned mails, and are sometimes contained in the buff-colored envelopes with "On His Majesty's Service" across the top that are supposed to be used only for official British business. Agronsky doesn't know whether the terrorists steal or forge the envelopes.

"Get off the phone!"

AGRONSKY was repeating a popular Palestine story when his wife, a tall and graceful sixth-generation Palestinian, returned from an interview with Martha Graham. Mrs. Agronsky, a dancer who can't work at her profession in the United States because she is traveling on a tourist's visa, watched her husband as he talked. Although the government denies that wires are tapped in Palestine, a prominent Jewish merchant, according to the story, heard a telltale click whenever he used his phone. He invariably said, "Get off the phone, you CID bastard" to the Criminal Investigation Department official he felt certain was listening in, but the clicks persisted. Whenever his calls were at all political, he received a copy of a transcript of his conversation, annotated with pro-terrorist marginal notes, through the mails the next day. To a Palestine Jew, the story signified that the British were illegally tapping phones and that the terrorists were illegally stealing secret records of the wire-tapping from the British.

"You should not tell stories like that because it is bad enough that it happens," Mrs. Agronsky said to her husband when he had finished. Agronsky tossed the pistol bullet in the air and caught it. Mrs. Agronsky took it from him and dropped it into a wastebasket and stuffed a New York *Times* on top of it. "In Palestine a friend of ours was sent to the prison for seven years just for having a bullet like that," Mrs. Agronsky said.

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There's Gold in a Good Soprano

by Cecil Smith

A garret for Schubert; a yacht for Heifetz—the difference is Arthur Judson, number-one handler of musical talent

In a closely guarded room on the sixteenth floor of Steinway Hall in New York hang half-a-dozen huge charts, covering nearly the entire wall of the room. Across the cork surfaces of the charts hundreds of colored pins cluster brightly, carefully placed in lines stretching horizontally from such names as Pons, Heifetz and Eddy to cross vertical columns indicating months and weeks of the year. Each pin stands for an engagement some concert artist will play or sing next season. If the pin is white, the date will take place in the East; if it is blue, in the South; if it is green, in the Middle West.

There are 140 rows of pins, bunched thickly and continuously after certain names and scattered more sparsely after others. The all-over pattern they create gives a concentrated picture of the national activity and scope of Columbia Concerts, Inc., the world's largest commercial dealer in the services of musical artists. Columbia Concerts is the famous "Judson empire," whose collapse Artur Rodzinski hopefully predicted last February when he resigned as conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in protest against the "interference" of Arthur Judson, who doubles as president of Columbia and manager of the Philharmonic.

You may call Columbia Concerts an empire if you like, or you may call it, as Judson does, a modern large-scale business devoted to the advancement of artists' careers by such corporation methods as have long been used in the distribution of refrigerators and other products less romantic than concert artists.

Whichever way you look at it, the collapse of Columbia does not appear to be near at hand. In the 1946-47 musical season, which has just ended, the gross business of the corporation amounted to $5.25 million. Eighty-six percent of it went back to the artists. Fourteen percent of it, collected through commissions, went to Columbia, whose profit after expenses and taxes had been paid amounted to $131,250, or 2.5 percent. Except for the income of recording companies, Columbia's 1946-47 business was the largest concentration of funds ever collected by a single concern from the merchandising of musicians other than popular entertainers of the Frank Sinatra or Harry James classification.

If you doubt the genuineness of American enthusiasm for serious music, you need only examine a few statistics about the artist-selling business as a whole. In the season just finished, the American people from Bangor to San Diego spent about $14 million for the purchase of concert talent. Columbia occupies a position in the music business similar to that of United States Steel in the steel industry.

Apart from Columbia, Mark Levine's National Concert and Artists' Corporation (NCAC) and the independent manager Sol Hurok, who make their bookings coöperatively, account for more than $3 million (or something more than one-fifth) of the total. Six other major independent managers and a host of small ones are responsible for the remainder—roughly $5.5 million—in sums ranging from $500,000 down to mere small change.

Approximately 1,000 concert artists in the United States make some sort of living through public performance, without being forced to fall back upon teaching or other sideline activities for primary sources of income. But by no means all of the 1,000 are enjoying flourishing careers. When you consider that 140 Columbia artists and about 100 NCAC and Hurok artists are earning more than half the money in the field, it is easy to understand why many musicians not among these 240 elite frequently express anger and frustration toward a profession in which they hunger for the crumbs while others feast.

Twenty-to-one

The supply of technically qualified musical artists in America outnumbers the present audience demand for their services by a ratio of at least 20 to one. A great many capable artists are unable to persuade Columbia or the NCAC to add them to the lists. This state of affairs does not, as many artists believe, indicate either personal spite or general malevolence on the part of the big corporations. In Columbia's case, there is simply no adequate market at present among its customers for more than the 140 already on the list.

The assembly line in music schools, conservatories and public studios is producing really competent performers at an alarming rate. Only a fractional number of the youngsters now embarking in search of careers each year will ever find the success they hope for. Let us look into the life of Joe Allen, a promising young baritone from, shall we say, Waco, Texas, in order to see what he is up against in his effort to join Lawrence Tibbett, Nelson Eddy and Leonard Warren in the baritone roster of Columbia.

Before he starts, Joe needs to elimi-

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nate one persistent bogey from his thinking. Foreign artists, once the bane of the American-born musician's existence, no longer present an important threat to his professional progress. American music is constantly becoming more self-sufficient. On Columbia's list American artists outnumber all others, two to one; all but 10 of the foreign-born artists are firmly established pre-war favorites like Lily Pons, Alexander Kipnis and Jascha Heifetz. Foreigners' like Robert Casadesus and Rudolf Serkin may still be getting many of the best piano dates, but young Americans like William Kapell and Eugene List are equally prosperous. It is not the trickle of incoming European talent which will put Joe on his mettle, but intense competition with hundreds of his fellow Americans.

On to New York

AFTER several years of study at home, when Joe has received the friendly accolade of Waco for his local recital appearances, he will scrape up enough money to go to New York. He will not stop off in Kansas City or anywhere else along the way, for he knows that every big musical career is launched in New York. For a musician the paved route from Waco to Kansas City passes through New York, and those who attempt a short cut usually get mired along the way.

Once he is settled in New York, Joe's friends or his teacher or a skeptical manager will talk him into a remarkably foolish and wasteful undertaking. He will give a New York debut recital. Nearly every professional beginner buys himself a New York recital whether he can afford it or not, and practically nobody ever questions the wisdom of doing so. Like 400 other debutants in the same season, Joe hopes to collect a sheaf of excited reviews from the newspaper critics. In his imagination he sees himself walking into the offices of Columbia the morning after his recital, laying rhapsodic notices from Olin Downes and Virgil Thomson before the eager eyes of vice-president Lawrence Evans, who knows a good singer when he hears one, and within five minutes signing his name to a flattering three-year contract.

Bleak reality will not be like this at all. If he is able to obtain any date at all in Town Hall's incessant two-and-three-a-day schedule of recitals, his debut will cost him a bedrock minimum of $884.17 (according to Columbia's printed schedule of costs) and may run as high as $1,300. Nearly all the expenditure will be an outright loss, for Joe will have to paper the house to get anyone to come. He will pay $125 to a recital management—probably to Columbia, under the naïve impression that its separately administered New York recital business (which accounts for part of the annual $30,000 supplementary income) bears some close relationship to its national enterprise.

The newspapers will not give him much joy the following day. Neither the *Times's* Downes nor the *Herald Tribune's* Thomson have the time or the inclination to attend debut recitals. Joe's notices will probably amount to little more than a bloodless balancing of pros and cons, written either in a routine tone by a jaded second-line critic, or in a spirit of pontifical judgment by an inexperienced apprentice. Even if one or two reviews turn out to be unqualified in their praise, he will not be likely to find them useful at Columbia. If the list is full, there will be no room for him.

"A sea of troubles"

BUT perhaps Joe is lucky enough to come along just when Columbia is looking for a personable young baritone to round out the list. In this event, his problems are just beginning on the day he signs a three-year trial contract. Columbia will put him into circulation the next fall by getting bookings for him in a number of towns throughout the country. But only Joe himself can keep his career moving. As he sings his first big-time recitals, he will find quickly that a concert career depends on more than musical ability.

Much the most important factor in Joe's success will be the sum total of his own personality. To maintain himself as a public figure, he will need to develop poise and self-assurance without arrogance or conceit. He will have to learn to mix readily with the businessmen who promote music in the cities where he plays and with the hostesses who invite him to eat tomatoes stuffed with crabmeat at after-concert parties when he would much rather patronize the nearest hamburger joint in solitude. He will have to keep a civil tongue in his head for newspaper reporters who will seldom think of anything to ask him except whether he likes jazz music as well as "classical."

If he develops these amenities, and improves his art with zest and earnestness, he may one day work up to a nightly fee of from $1,000 to $2,500, thus finally rewarding both himself and Columbia for the uncertainties of the early years. If only he were a coloratura soprano, he might earn $3,500.

Young man in the red

UNLESS he has great luck, Joe's accounts will stay in the red for the first two or three years. Until he grosses $10,000 a year—no easy achievement for an unknown artist—he will not break even. His initial fee will be from $200 to $300 a performance, and he will be fortunate if his manager can get him 20 dates the first year. From his earnings he must deduct the commission to Columbia, a standard 10, 15 or 20 percent, depending on the type of engagement (the average is 14 percent); he must pay his accompanist, along with traveling expenses for the two of them; and he must supply printed circulars and other advertising matter.

In a field in which 20 artists are waiting to take the place of anyone who is tried and found wanting, no unknown musician can pay the cost of his introductory promotion out of his earnings, yet none can count on success without adequate promotion. Consequently Columbia prefers to deal with young artists who have a few thousand dollars to spend when they sign their first contracts, although the corporation—for its own protection against possible charges of graft—refuses to receive or administer any of this extra money. Judson frankly admits that in a choice between

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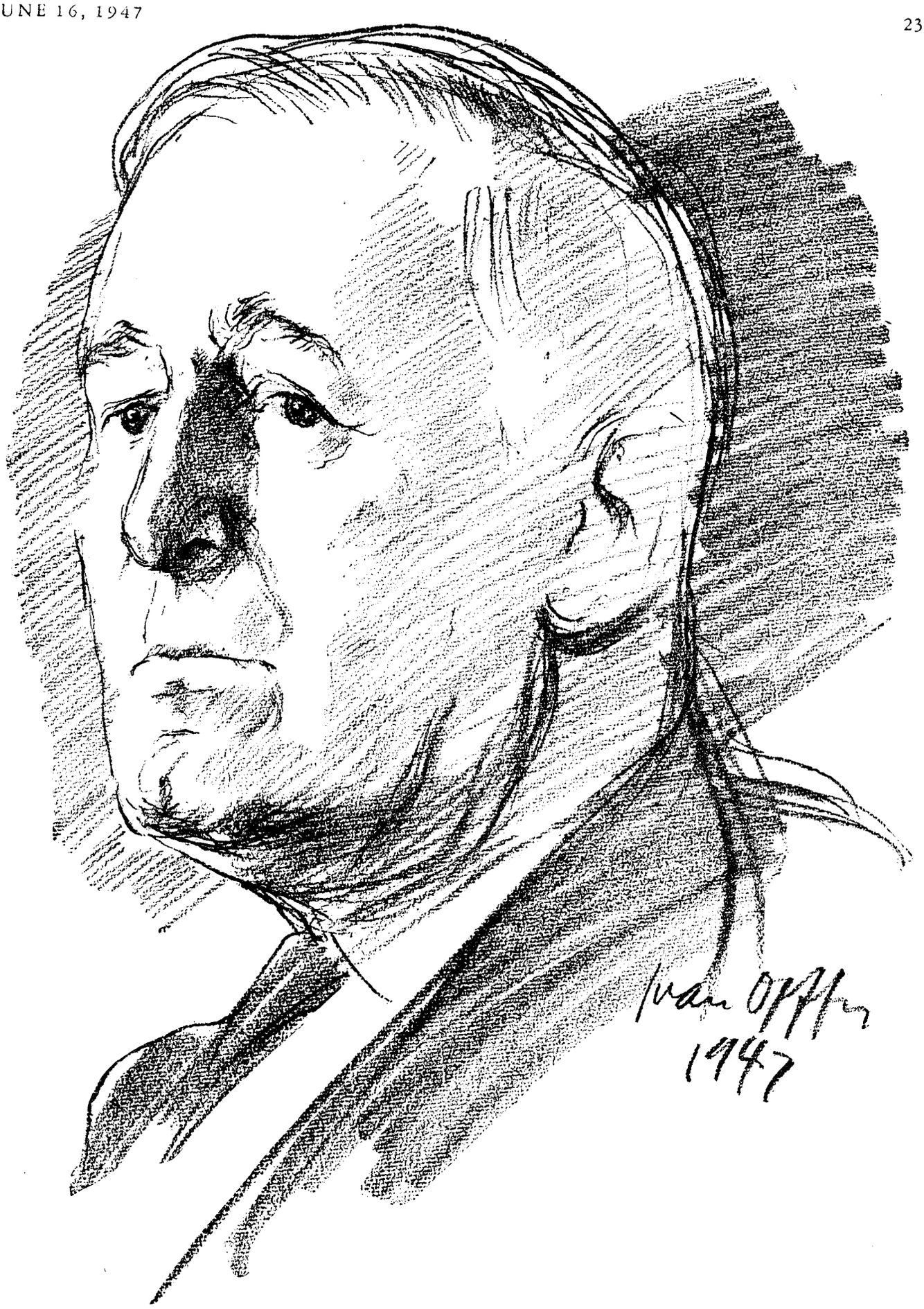

ARTHUR JUDSON IS TODAY AMERICA'S NO. 1 MERCHANT OF MUSIC

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two artists of equal promise the contract will go to the one who can afford to make his name known quickly. Nevertheless, a number of impecunious musicians are currently being carried along by Columbia, and even getting their lessons paid for, because they show exceptional promise of success. And even in the case of those who have money to advance, Columbia takes a long-range bookkeeping gamble, since so few beginners bring in any substantial profit before the fourth year.

Buyers' market

ONLY one thing is needed to open the doors of Columbia and the other managements to a larger proportion of the gifted young American musicians: more buyers of concert talent. For nearly 17 years Columbia has devoted special energy to the organizing of concert series in towns which have not supported music regularly before.

No other man in America rivals the adeptness of Columbia's Ward French in persuading communities all over the country to take an interest in presenting concerts. A promoter by instinct as well as by training, French could probably sell munitions to the Society of Friends without half trying. A native Middle Westerner, he possesses a simple, urgent gift for speaking the language which removes music completely from the realm of the effete and makes it seem as natural as sand-lot baseball.

Twenty-six years ago, French and a partner, Dema Harshbarger, were running a booking agency in Chicago. French decided to try an experiment in Battle Creek, Michigan, where concerts had consistently lost money and were gradually being abandoned because of public apathy. He persuaded a group of leading citizens to participate in a city-wide membership campaign, in order to guarantee in advance sufficient funds for a concert series the following year. The drive succeeded, and for the first time Battle Creek was able to arrange concerts without fear of financial loss and with the enthusiastic support of an audience all of whose members felt they had a personal stake in the enterprise.

The Battle Creek project provided the nucleus of the "organized audience plan," of which French has remained the most successful exponent ever since. In 1931 French moved from Chicago to New York to take over the Community Concerts with the intention of applying throughout the country the methods of organization and promotion employed in Battle Creek. Over a period of years, Columbia advanced Community $250,000 to initiate nationwide operations, and made Community a non-profit division of Columbia Concerts, Inc., permanently retaining French in the administrative command he still holds as president of Community. Today Community still owes about $200,000 to Columbia, and its books show that the division operates permanently at a small annual loss.

No doorbell unrung

THROUGHOUT the spring and early fall of 1947, more than 600 cities and towns are carrying on week-long Community Concerts campaigns. Let us follow the activities of the Community Concerts Association of Great Sauk, Wisconsin, an imaginary typical city of 25,000 population. Next week has been dedicated to the campaign. On Monday evening a great banquet will take place in the city's most stylish place, the Empire Room of the Hotel Blackfoot. One of French's staff of 42 organizers, or "road men," will be on hand to give official dignity to the occasion, and a guest speaker will describe the benefits of musical culture to Great Sauk.

The officers and fund-raisers will be fired with genuine civic enthusiasm, and the editor of the *Daily Separator* will prime himself to spread Community Concerts stories and editorials all over his paper. In the next five days scarcely a doorbell in Great Sauk will be left unrung by the volunteer subscription agents, and at the end of the week $3,500 will be resting safely in the local bank.

With the money for the series assured, the local artists' committee is now in a position to talk over the choice of artists with the road man. Since he is unabashedly interested in selling Columbia artists to the exclusion of all others, he is supplied with gaudy brochures about them, and no material whatever about artists under other managements. He bends his energies to persuade the committee to buy Columbia artists, and makes a special attempt to obtain dates for one or two newcomers who need employment. The local association's contract with Community Concerts Service does not specify, however, that the choice is to be limited to Columbia artists. The committee can decide upon any artists it likes, subject to the size of the budget and the availability of the artists in that locality at an appropriate time.

Should the committee insist upon artists from other managements, the road man has to comply. Actually only 15 percent of the Community dates are filled by non-Columbia artists. This small percentage is a reflection of the variety and undeniable attractiveness of the Columbia roster, of the satisfaction Columbia artists have generally given in the past and of the rhetorical powers and social gifts of the salesmen.

Art for art's sake

THE cost of operating Community Concerts Service is shared by Columbia and the participating artists. The corporation contributes by collecting a 15-percent commission instead of the 20 percent charged for "straight," or individual, concert bookings. The artist agrees to play or sing Community dates for a smaller fee than he receives for straight dates.

The "differential," or margin between the artist's established fee for straight dates (which is the amount the local Community organization is charged) and the reduced amount the artist receives, provides Community with its working income. Out of this differential comes enough to support the staff on the road and in the New York office, plus the printing of programs and program notes for all 2,700 concerts, postage and office and incidental expenses. With virtually the same methods, the NCAC operates a parallel enterprise, Civic Concerts Service, in 280 cities.

Rivals and antagonists of Commu-

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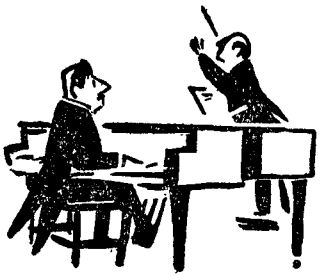
nity accuse it of huge profits, block booking and a monopolistic scheme of dividing the territory with the NCAC's Civic Concerts Service. The alleged profits are myth rather than fact. Even the 15 percent accruing to Columbia from Community's sales cannot be considered exorbitant, since out of the small gross on any one concert must be taken both direct expenses of artist exploitation and a prorated share of Columbia's general overhead.



Block booking, of the you-take-what-we-offer-or-else variety which has for so long prevailed in the movies, does not exist either. If the communities do not like what they get, they can blame either their own failure to inform themselves adequately about the artists they engage, or their inability to maintain normal sales resistance against smooth-talking agents. It is true that Community and Civic do not try to take cities away from each other; in a couple of bitter years both firms learned that visible rivalry between them was the quickest way to make sure that neither company had any business and that the towns had no music.

President Judson

THE top man of Columbia—including Community and five originally independent artist-selling divisions—is president Arthur Judson. In 1929, Judson stage-managed a coalition of the five smaller managements and persuaded the Columbia Broadcasting System to take on the newly formed agency as an adjunct of the radio business. In 1941, he effected the separation of the agency from the radio company and the independent incorporation of Columbia Concerts. This separation was made at the suggestion of the Federal Trade Commission, which based its attitude on the fear that CBS, not the concert agency, might run afoul of the anti-trust laws. Columbia Concerts now has no organic relation with CBS beyond Judson's personal links with both corporations.

Judson's authority in the musical world is enormous, and his decisions leave no room for appeal, since he is the highest court of judgment in the managerial business. As a result, he is subject to continual attack. The new swimming pool on Judson's Westchester place is cited as proof of the immense financial tribute artists are required to pay to him personally, though in point of fact he gets the income which enables him to afford a swimming pool not from Columbia Concerts but from CBS, of which he is one of the founders and a large stockholder. His firm emphasis upon the young artist's need for money to promote himself is distorted into the allegation that almost anyone can "buy his way" into Columbia.

Such charges—shakedown tactics, graft and monopoly—are the accusations most frequently leveled at Judson and his corporation. It is legendary among disappointed artists that there is simply no honest way to get into Columbia; that you are subject to all sorts of unexpected costs, both above and under the table, after you have bought your way in; and that you have no hope of bettering your situation elsewhere because Judson will blackball you with Levine of the NCAC and with all other managers if you open your mouth. Yet, significantly enough, extensive investigation failed to uncover one artist, in Columbia or out of it, who claimed—even off the record—to have received illicit proposals from Columbia or to have been cheated or threatened by them.

Musician v. businessman

JUDSON operates in a manner that is considerably less involved than his enemies imagine. A portly man of 66, he conceals a fundamental shyness behind the urbane, well fed poise of a bank president or stockbroker.

Formerly a violinist, college music teacher and editor of *Musical America*, Judson entered the management business in 1915, when he took over the business direction of the Philadelphia Orchestra. In his rise to the top of the management field, his solid musical background has been an important factor. He can tell a good thing from a bad one in musical performance. Yet he has schooled himself to remain always a businessman, and his musical taste and knowledge are the obedient servants of his commercial mind.

Pride and prejudice

JUDSON'S influence reaches outside Columbia Concerts into another musical field of public concern. His dual role as head of an artist-selling corporation and manager of the artist-buying Philharmonic—the basis of Rodzinski's attack—was called "a scandal and a shame" by the *Herald Tribune*. Unmoved by such disapproval, Judson cites the continuing approval of the orchestra's board of trustees, disinterested citizens who have every means of uncovering any shady dealings that might take place. He also points out that his personal share of commissions from Columbia artists sold to the Philharmonic last year amounted to $144, and he buys his tickets for the concerts at a larger cost than this, instead of taking them for nothing as most managers do.

Most artists—including many within Columbia—will continue to attack Judson, no matter what the specific evidence is on any charge. He symbolizes a state of affairs they hate, whether they are prospering through Columbia's organized sales methods or standing on the outside looking enviously in. Every artist is an individualist, persuaded that his talent is unique. Scarcely any artist ever believes that Columbia or any other management gets him as many engagements or as high a price as he deserves until, like Lily Pons, he has all the dates he can possibly fill and all the money it is feasible to earn. And although Columbia's 140 artists may prosper by being merchandised as commodities, neither they nor any other artists can quite swallow the feeling of hurt pride their status as commodities gives them.

The public at large, fed for decades with romantic notions of the spotlessness of art, cannot reconcile the purity of great music with the ugly spectacle of musical commerce. Somehow it seems wrong for anyone to make money, even 2.5 percent, on a thing as beautiful as music.

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Books in Review

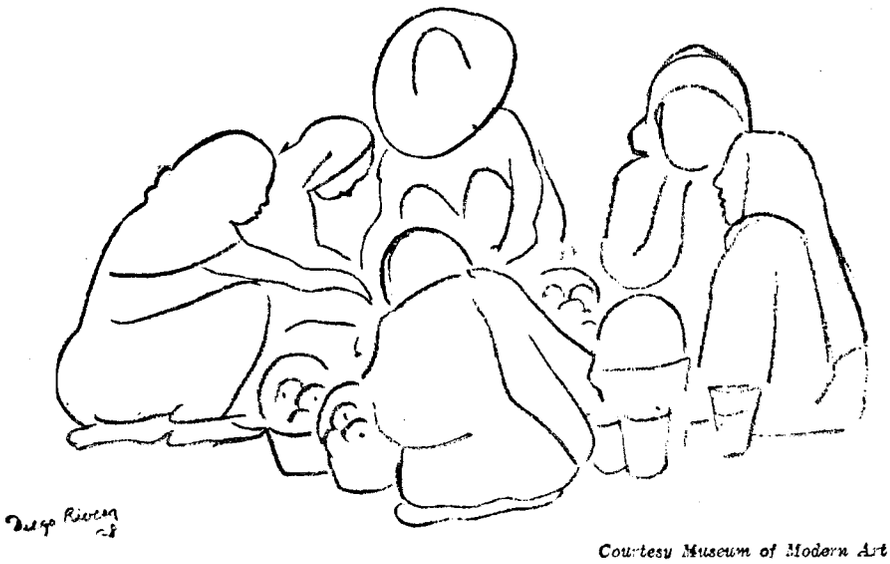
A Bright Beginning

THERE IS A TYRANT IN EVERY COUNTRY, by Gilbert Neiman (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3).

OF GILBERT NEIMAN, the author of *There Is a Tyrant in Every Country,* it may be said that he has done everything possible to prejudice at least one reader against an interesting novel by the simple process of supplying his publishers with an autobiographical note. It is to a novelist's credit that he has played many roles in his time, yet Neiman's list of his jobs seems almost a parody of the career of a two-fisted author. To express a lack of understanding of the country of one's birth may be just decent frankness; he makes it appear pretentious. To confess deep devotion for a primitive land can be moving; he transforms the confession into a monstrosity of affectation. Because his novel contains so much talent and has such valuable things to say, I cannot resist quoting Neiman's note about himself as part of a warning that it reveals a promising author in the process of being gleefully unfair to himself:

> Born Whitewater, Kansas, the cancerous center of the country. Bankrunner, day-laborer, carpenter's helper, actor, dishwasher, bread-line scrounger, secy., head of govt. office with three secretaries, univ. instructor, clerk of typewriter stores and other white-collar industries. This is not chronological. Chronology has very little to do with biography. I have lived in two countries, Mexico and the US. My real birth took place in Mexico, long before I was born. It's been my home for three thousand years. North Americans I don't understand. I act awkward around them. The most complex statement of the Mexican I can understand, the simplest statement of the North American confuses me completely. It is not like being born out of one's time, but out of one's country. My name was Neumann in Holland for three centuries, then to Bavaria for I don't know how long. But my spirit was in Mexico, maybe hovering around the murderous Yaquis, who fight with an aspen tree trunk to shield them—as practical as ostriches. The things I've done, and haven't done in this country, don't truly matter. My life begins thousands of years ago, off some Mexican shore, long before Cortes.

Despite all that, I insist that *There Is a Tyrant in Every Country* is an interesting book. Essentially it is a novel about Gilbert Neiman's romance, not with himself, as you might suspect from the autobiographical note, but with Mexico. Roughly and a little unfairly, it could be described as James M. Cain crossed with social significance and with a bit of Hemingway added. But such a description, while it does indicate a good deal of the author's quality and defects, does not give proper credit to the genuineness of the novel's love for and appreciation of Mexico or to the considerable originality that has gone into its making. A foreigner's great and abiding devotion to a strange country, which he has come upon as a discoverer and which has brought out something deep within his own spirit, can make for writing that is not only moving and emotionally satisfying but capable of understanding and discernment not always to be found in far more learned studies of that same land by far more serious students. The frankly emotional quality of Neiman's devotion to the Mexicans gives his novel this sort of intuitive understanding of Mexico, which may sometimes be vague and sentimental but is always genuine in its intensity.



Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

IF Neiman is compared to Cain for his hard-boiled melodrama and to Hemingway for his preoccupation with death and Latin exoticism, one may also rather surprisingly find a certain likeness to Francis Thompson. At least, he has taken for the central plot scheme of his novel a suggestion of "The Hound of Heaven," to the extent that his hero, one Freddie Conner, is convinced that he has no use for Mexico and Mexicans and finds that he is being irresistibly pursued and run down by the spirit of a land that he wants to despise. Fight as he will against it, persuade himself that he is there only because he wants to betray so loathsome a people, he finds that his real emotion is love and that he is even willing to die for men and women he had scorned and cursed. That is the essence of the story. There is likewise a more melodramatic side to the plot, which deals with an international fascist conspiracy that is using the reactionary Sinarquistas as its chief instrument in Mexico. The melodrama has good, taut scenes and a lot of effective suspense, and the episodes of its hero's adventures with sex are happily not too reminiscent of Cain. Although the story of the international plot against the

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Mexico of Cardenas is inclined to be excessively vague, it is both credible and dramatically satisfactory.

In one of his recently republished newspaper columns, Ernie Pyle told how in Mexico City he started to dislike the Mexicans for their frank disapproval of Americans, and then began to dislike the Americans for making the Mexicans hate them so. There is something of that same feeling in Neiman's work. However sentimental he may be about Mexico, he is by no means rhapsodic about certain Mexicans, and his portraits of individual characters, from a corrupt general to a dignified but evil survivor from the old Diaz regime, are as savage as his accounts of various Indians are sympathetic. He by no means exonerates Mexicans from responsibility for the evils of their own land.

Woodcut by Mendez From *Portrait of Latin America*, Hastings House

It is his conviction, however, that predatory, arrogant Americans are so much to blame for those same evils that his hero cannot find it in his heart to hate a veteran of Zapata's agrarian revolution who tries to kill him out of his bitterness toward the gringo. Neiman leaves little doubt of his national preference. "The Mexican people," Freddie Conner says, "were in a hell of a fix, enmeshed in a web of poverty." But, he adds, they were "not half as lost as Chicago's automatons. Their air was that of a people who exulted in hardship, who found life in poverty less tedious than it appeared on the surface. Amid the plenty of Chicago, the throngs there made you feel, inside, like nothing."

CHIEFLY it is the intensity he finds in Mexican life which attracts him. "Why not," he asks, "face the startlingly simple fact? It's the most intense, high-tension, voltage-ridden land on the face of the earth. Everything or nothing, that's what the country wants, and that's what it gets. No in-betweens, no compromises, no excursions around the fringes. The skirmish to the bitter end. The blood or the bleached bone, nothing less! Give all and get all or give all and get nothing, that's what the land cries, but it cries *give all*, all the time, relentlessly, remorselessly, give all! The terrain demands. No half-measures quiet her or her people. This insatiable atmosphere, this unquenchable thirst knows no rest." This violent, emotional, sometimes rather hysterical devotion to what he sees as essentially a land of sadness and sorrow gives vivid life to what is, for all its annoying frailties, an unmistakable talent.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

The Monotony of Malice

THE RED PRUSSIAN: THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF KARL MARX, by Leopold Schwarzschild (Charles Scribner's Sons; $4).

SOMETIMES one sentence may give the key to the intent and substance of a book. Leopold Schwarz-

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schild in *The Red Prussian* has this to say of Marx and Engels: "Everything that they used in the long chain of their argument was for them radically monogenetic, monocratic, monogynous, monolithic, monomorphic, monospermous." On this basis alone one might suspect that it is the biographer rather than the subject of his book who has a mono-track mind.

SCHWARZSCHILD is an experienced journalist. Possibly he senses the present gravitation of the book-reading public to a conservative position. Writers who supply the seemingly inexhaustible need for such literature often speak of "the spirit of the times" when they really mean the market.

The Red Prussian is Red-baiting deluxe. Let the old-fashioned write against "premature anti-fascism" as if it were a physical disorder. Schwarzschild goes to the root of the matter, to Karl Marx. He makes no attempt to refute Marx on scientific grounds. In the first place, that is not easy to do; second, this field has been fully and competently occupied by professors of economics and political science, from Brentano to Schumpeter. Scientific anti-Marxism has for a long time been a highly respected and remunerative academic profession. (The unconscious tribute to Marx—that after a hundred years they are still trying to refute him—is usually not realized.)

The author of *The Red Prussian* is more sophisticated. He attacks Marx as a person. Throughout the book he deliberately formulates, quotes and places false emphasis in such a way as to belittle Marx and his work. For those who do not know, therefore, the book is misleading; for those who do, the malice becomes monotonous.

People who write against Freud—a pastime less profitable than it used to be—like to refer to the dreadful sexual things to be found in his writings. Readers who look for them are greatly disappointed when they find lost pocketbooks and dreams of airplanes. In the same way Schwarzschild says of Marx, "His works often smack of blood and terror." Schwarzschild's method is simple. He makes misleading generalizations, and then either does

KARL MARX

not document them at all, or supports them with quotations from Marx taken carefully out of context, "with just enough of learning to misquote," or justifies them with quotations from other authors. This method enables him to make many half-true statements. For example, "It is true that Marx took a certain amount of interest in the war in America. At least it was a war." Actually, both Marx and Engels took an intense interest in the Civil War; they wrote a treatise on it and Marx sent a message to Lincoln which the latter answered in the friendliest terms.

THERE are passages in this book in which the author imputes thoughts to Marx in a manner difficult to describe as other than a personal projection. Marx, for example—a man of the most austere unselfishness—is described as thinking: "And if one were a great figure in this movement, the tide might bear one far, far and high. Little Jenny might become the first lady of Paris; or of Trier; or of Prussia; or of God knows where."

In order to paint Marx's character black, the author manages to mitigate or conceal the difficulties he had on account of the severity of the authorities. He tells the reader that Marx had set his heart on becoming a citizen of Prussia again, but was refused. He fails to mention that, according to the police chief himself, there was no reason for the refusal except Marx's "republican —or at least not royalist—sentiment."

In sketching the historical background of Marx's life the author is equally biased. In his account of the French Commune he leaves out the massacre which followed its defeat. (The Paris City Council paid for the funerals of 17,000 victims in Paris alone.) The *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon was certainly not "a purely political event." (Reading Marx would have helped him to understand this.) Bismarck's anti-socialist laws were *not* made because "even a liberal system cannot permit its liberalism to be misused for its own destruction."

Schwarzschild's account of Marx's theory, neatly misrepresented in a diagram, omits the fundamentally dynamic nature of Marxism. Whether the author leaves out the essential aspects deliberately or through ignorance is not clear. The entire volume is destructive. If it has any positive, constructive elements I have been unable to find them.

ALTHOUGH this unpleasant book appears in the garb of learning, it has no more value than Ossendowski's pornographic biography of Lenin. If the tide of reaction has reached so deeply into our intellectual life that books like this one are written, published, read and probably widely praised and distributed, what can the critic who bases himself on science accomplish? We can learn from this book about the methods of one type of intellectual who "defended" the Weimar Republic. The results are before us. If the ground here is as fertile as it was there, then, with Horatio,

In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

FREDERIC WERTHAM

Dr. Frederic Wertham is a psychiatrist, now director of mental hygiene at Queens General Hospital and the Lafargue Clinic in Harlem. He is the author of The Brain as an Organ *and* Dark Legend. *He has written an introduction for* The World Within, *a collection of psychological fiction edited by Mary Louise Aswell, which Whittlesey House will publish this fall, and is working on a book on Marx and Freud.*

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Labor

Legislation for Nothing

THE last time Congress passed a general labor law, the wartime Smith-Connally Act, the bill was passed over President Roosevelt's veto by a Congress in a passion about John L. Lewis' 1943 mine strike. Now, in 1947, it is possible that again a general labor bill will be signed or passed over a presidential veto, partially because official Washington is angry at Old Man Lewis and apprehensive about the danger of a coal strike come July 1, when the mines are turned back to private operation. If so, that will not make the new law a sound one; it will simply reveal that statesmen have a habit of repeating their mistakes.

Lewis' recent demands on the Northern and Western mine owners were audacious. He wanted an eight-hour day plus a wage boost that would raise weekly earnings to $65.25. He also asked a longer (paid) lunch period and a tonnage royalty of 10 cents, instead of the existing five cents, to finance the miners' welfare fund. The operators said all his demands, if granted, would raise coal costs 70 cents a ton and were "unreasonable."

The pattern of Lewis' strategy had seemed to make a strike in the Northern and Western mines unlikely. These mines produce 75 percent of the nation's coal. Lewis was forced to agree to bargain separately with the Southern operators, whose mines produce the remaining 25 percent and who are always the toughest group for the United Mine Workers to crack. By getting the best possible agreement with the Northern operators, Lewis then could proceed to strike the Southern operators if necessary. The latter would lose business to their Northern competitors and Lewis would avoid the pitfalls of a nationwide "paralysis" strike.

Speculation on Lewis' course of action, however, is generally unprofitable. The real question for the public to consider is whether, even if the miners strike, the Taft-Hartley labor bill offers a way out. It doesn't, and legislation against Old Man Lewis is still a dangerous, maladroit business.

When Roosevelt vetoed the Smith-Connally bill, he was not motivated by any love for the Lewis personality: the two men had been bitter enemies since 1937. But Roosevelt saw that the Smith-Connally bill punished all labor for the alleged sins of Lewis; he knew the bill would not work.

It didn't work. It did not prevent a single wartime strike. The 30-day compulsory cooling-off period, instead of providing an interval for sweet reason to assert itself, became the period of greatest tension in industrial disputes—the interval toward which unions and management aimed and during which they jockeyed and bluffed most hotly. Every major strike of 1946, except the last "illegal" coal strike, was conducted under the exact terms of the Smith-Connally Act.

The country could not have been worse off without this law; we might have been better off if corporation management last year had not been incited to hope for new and stricter legislation from Congress and if labor had not been galled by a sense of injustice.

IT has recently been argued that, without the Taft-Hartley bill, the government will be "powerless" to prevent a coal strike July 1. The answer is that even with the bill, the government will be powerless. If Truman signs the measure, or if it is passed over his veto, a Board of Inquiry can be appointed and a coal strike can be enjoined for 60 days, following which an additional 20-day period will be allotted for the miners to vote on the operators' "final offer." Does anyone imagine that Old Man Lewis' iron nerve will crack during those 80 days if he really wants a strike, or if he thinks he can force a better settlement from the operators by continuing to threaten a strike?

THE history of labor legislation in all Western democracies shows that "cool-offs" and other compulsory delays are no permanent substitute for collective bargaining. Even the celebrated Railway Labor Act, with all its machinery for delay, mediation and fact-finding, broke down in 1941, 1943 and 1946. Settlements of strikes or threatened strikes had to be sought outside the law—awards of additional wage increases on two occasions, and the last time by President Truman's fierce demand that Congress pass draft-strikers legislation.

Action on the Taft-Hartley bill may have been completed by the time this reaches print. For the record, Senator Harry S. Truman in 1943 sponsored a resolution asking railroad wage increases when Economic Stabilizer Vinson, now Chief Justice, was trying to hold the Little Steel formula. Senator Truman opposed the Smith-Connally bill and voted to sustain Roosevelt's veto.

WILLARD SHELTON

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United Nations News

Flight to Mecca

THREE special planes carrying 30 passengers each are leaving LaGuardia Field for Jerusalem shortly, by way of London or on a direct route. Each plane will also carry 66 pounds of baggage per person, volumes of background material, clerical equipment and the miscellaneous working committee to investigate Palestine. Delegates from 11 small nations will probably stay at the Salvia hotel, but headquarters for everyone will be the YMCA building. As chairman of the committee, Emil Sandstroem, Sweden's able representative to the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, has already opened the preliminary discussions in New York. He and Dr. Victor Hoo, Assistant Secretary-General in charge of Trusteeship and head of the committee's Secretariat staff, are working with a group of about 80 persons who hope to find a solution to the problem of Palestine in less than three months.

Their problems are of two kinds: how to obtain relevant information, which is a procedural problem, and how to frame an ultimate answer acceptable to Jews, Arabs and the Big Powers. John Hood of Australia raised the first question at one of the early meetings in a veiled reference to the experience of the Balkan investigating commission on which he also served. Hood wants operating procedures clearly and irrevocably established before the committee begins its work. Especially he wants the committee to decide just what the duties of Jewish and Arab liaison officers shall be.

More fundamental is the question of whether anyone, even an impartial UN group, can find an acceptable solution, and there are those who consider the likelihood slim. Faris el-Khouri, Syrian delegate to the Security Council and most persuasive of the Arab spokesmen, is one who views the entire business with a wary eye.

"Palestine is not a vacant country," he points out. "It has never been empty of people. If by some caprice all the Jews of Europe want to go to Palestine, should they be allowed to? If a foreigner wants to come to the United States, can he? There are quotas. And the United States is a much larger country than Palestine. No, they simply cannot bring unlimited Jews into Palestine until there is a Jewish majority—and then declare the country independent. This is ferocious."

A SMALL, plump, white-haired man, Khouri glowers from behind bushy eyebrows as he discusses the Palestine question. He insists that he is not against Jews, merely against Zionism. "After all, Judaism is not a race, it is a religion." This is his quarrel with Andrei Gromyko, whom Khouri has occasionally supported in the Security Council and who has consistently maintained a middle-of-the-road position on Palestine.

"Mr. Gromyko has left things open," Khouri says, "but he made one bad mistake when he said that the aspirations of the Jews should be considered. If the Quakers should ask Mr. Gromyko for a state, I think he would give them a good box in the nose. Why, then, should the Jews have a state?"

Drawing by Keen

EL-KHOURI

Khouri's own solution would be something quite different from a Jewish homeland in Palestine, for he considers the Balfour Declaration and every pronouncement based on it highly illegal. He would permit the Jews who are now citizens of Palestine to remain, but would not allow any increase in the Jewish population by immigration. He would declare Palestine an independent state, with proportionate Jewish representation in the government.

He argues that a pro-Zionist answer would be against the Charter of the United Nations and contrary to the constitution of the International Refugee Organization. "The UN Charter opposes aggression; the IRO constitution states that resettlement cannot be done without the consent of the indigenous population," he says.

"I consider the United States to be the first power in this matter because it has so much influence on the smaller nations which are in need of the dollar, the machinery. Even Great Britain, the author of this situation, will not go against the United States. But you have many Jews in this country and so I am beginning to think that all is political. The same things that dominated the League are dominating the United States and also the United Nations—greed and covetousness; the world hasn't changed. I am particularly discouraged by the Secretariat documents which are supposed to give the background of the Palestine problem. These documents include all references which serve the Zionists and very few which serve the Arabs. The attitude of the Arabs depends on the attitude of the commission—if the members go to the displaced-persons camps in Europe, that would be very dangerous to Arab support."

If the commission should, by any chance, ignore the Arab point of view in presenting a solution, Khouri is ready to challenge the decision. "We will take the matter to the International Court of Justice, we will take it to the Security Council as a threat to the peace. For in that case, the situation will be one of flagrant aggression, which, of course, gives the Arabs the right to self-defense."

JANE BEDELL

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Theatre

Love for Love

CONGREVE'S play at the Royale Theatre is far less successful on the whole than was Gielgud's production of "The Importance of Being Earnest," but the basic source of its imperfection is to be found in that treatment of Wilde. "The Importance of Being Earnest" was excellently directed, and that was largely to Gielgud's credit; but the more I have thought of it, the more convinced I have been that his own performance was one of the least satisfactory in the company. At the time I was inclined to take it for deliberate understatement. It was good up to a point; it was quite aware and intelligent; but it lacked high spirits and the impression of underlying wit. It had, for example, none of the high style and crisp attack that Pamela Brown put into her Gwendolen. The role of Earnest was so completely and securely done that you were convinced by it for the moment. The limitation was there, nevertheless.

Gielgud must have some sense of humor or he could not direct the other characters and the play in general in the way he does; it may be that he has no sense of humor about himself. At any rate, his portrayal of Valentine is certainly wrong, and its particular kind of wrongness spreads more or less through the whole production. His Valentine is a serious young man, wounded by love and absorbed with his constancy and gentle melancholy. He alternates a very much modified Congreve bravura with touches of Hamlet. The scenes of pretended madness have none of the gayety and naughtiness that they were meant to have, and the love scenes are mere heavy personal lyricism. None of that is Congreve's language at all. Any reading of his letters and the dedications—themselves essays—that he wrote for the published plays will show us his attitude toward his work and toward his life and conduct in the world, and his quality of delicate superiority, his brilliant moderation and his fastidious irony. This is the Congreve who wrote in the dedication to "The Double Dealer":

> There is one thing at which I am more concerned than all the false criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, some of the ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it, for I declare I would rather disoblige all the critics in the world than one of the fair sex. They are concerned that I have represented some women vicious and affected: how can I help it? It is the business of the comic poet to paint the vices and follies of humankind; and there are but two sexes, male and female, men and women . . . and if I leave out one half of them, the work will be imperfect. I should be very glad of an opportunity to make my compliments to those ladies who are offended; but they can no more expect it in a comedy, than to be tickled by a surgeon when he is letting them blood.

And in the essay on "Humour in Comedy" he says:

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The History of Japan is based upon Professor Latourette's *The Development of Japan*, which was originally published in 1918 and went through many editions. For the new book, the author has completely rewritten the material, taking into account the results of recent research and bringing the story up to date. Particularly enlightening is his treatment of the transformation of Japan in the nineteenth century, her rise to the status of world power, and her attempts to dominate Eastern Asia and the Western Pacific.

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I confess I have never made any observation of what I apprehend to be true humour in women. Perhaps passions are too powerful in that sex to let humour have its course; or may be by reason of their natural coldness humour cannot exert itself to that extravagant degree which it does in the male sex. For if anything does appear comical or ridiculous in a woman, I think it is little more than an acquired folly or an affectation. We may call them the weaker sex, but I think the true reason is because our follies are stronger and our faults are more prevailing.

That affords the best comment possible on this new presentation of Congreve's "Love for Love." Gielgud's performance especially and the general approach to the play suffer from the limitation implied in the remarks I have just quoted. It would be to Congreve's mind this feminine quality that so greatly dulls the whole occasion at the Royale.

ADRIANNE ALLEN as Mrs. Frail, George Hayes as Scandal, Malcolm Keen as Sir Sampson, Robert Flemyng as Ben, Richard Wordsworth as Jeremy give good enough performances in the Sheridan tradition, which is all our stage has left of Congreve. Pamela Brown as Angelica, the heroine of the story, gives the one performance in this Gielgud company that is shining, witty and brilliantly expert. Rex Whistler's settings are pretty good, and Jeannetta Cochrane's costumes are often delightful.

"Love for Love" has long outlived Congreve's other four plays in the theatre's favor, though that by no means proves that it is the best of them. On this general subject of the theatre and intelligence the most remarkable article I have seen in a long time is Eric Bentley's on the Broadway Intelligentsia in *Harper's* for March.

STARK YOUNG

Movies

Singing the Blues

"THE BRASHER DOUBLOON" isn't bad enough to get into a stew over, nor is it good enough to recommend to anyone over the age of 14. It is an adaptation of another story by Raymond Chandler, a writer of thrillers who seems to have sold his entire output to the movies. John Brahm, the director, apparently found the script on his hands and threw the picture together.

This time the intrepid detective, Marlowe, is played by George Montgomery and it's a dull ordeal to watch him go through the routines we've been taught so thoroughly by Bogart and Powell. The girl in "The Brasher Doubloon" (the title character is an exceedingly valuable coin which keeps popping up in unexpected places) is played by Nancy Guild, and she is two notches above some of the girls who have been crawling into Marlowe's shirt with their silly revolvers in hand.

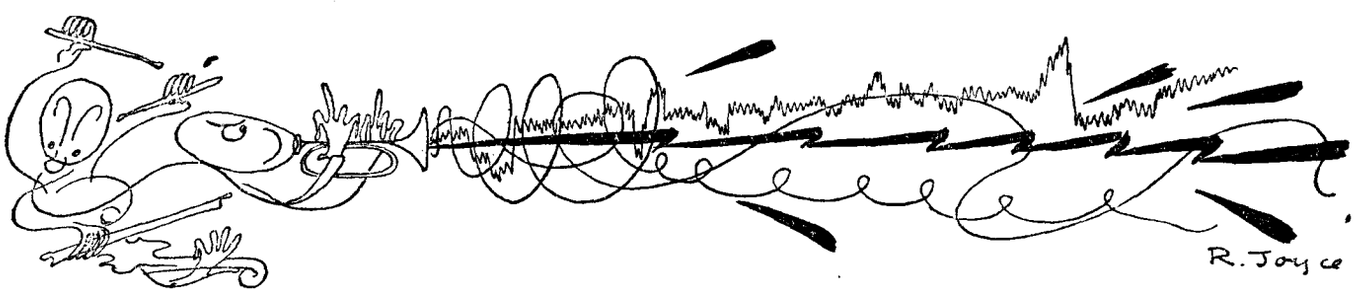
The scene that is all too familiar is the now prescribed switch from the early days when the misunderstood hero somehow gets into the girl's apartment. For years back, the girl, very hard to get up to a certain point, has been discovered sitting demurely on the hero's couch when he gets home, baffled, hot and dirty after a hard day getting beaten up by seven gamblers and their cousins. Next time I'd like to see Marlowe frisk the girl, take the gun, lock the door, make her swallow the key and set her to some menial task around the flat.

Mrs. Murdock, owner of the doubloon, is played by Florence Bates, who has the only dialogue worth listening to. She lives in a huge, overfurnished California house that is fine set-designing. People out there with money not derived from the movie industry live in just such places. Conrad Janis, as the weak, pampered Murdock boy, gives a good performance.

THE lives of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, played by themselves in a mediocre movie, may inspire a young horn player; I doubt that they will interest you much. Strange and singularly uniform are the ways of Hollywood biographers of musicians. This piece is called "The Fabulous Dorseys" and takes the commercial brothers from their humble house hard by the coal mines of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, when they were little boys of apparently the same age, to their fabulous flight on the gossamer wings of fame. Only the gossamer weighs more than it should.

Two famous actors, Sara Allgood and Arthur Shields, must have been disconcerted to find themselves playing the parents of the battling Dorsey boys. Some top jazz musicians, among them Art Tatum, Charlie Barnet and Paul Whiteman, were allowed to get in a few licks to further the plot. They must have figured that a check is a check, which shows more sense than discrimination on their part.

Never mind, the day is coming; there will be movies about jazz. Two or three years ago, Gjon Mili directed an excellent short, "Jamming the Blues," and other attempts have been made. Some time Hollywood will show what jazz is, and how it makes one feel, and why, in the history of a people, it is important. The stories made lately about the composers and performers of our



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popular and special jazz have been pedantic and slick. Anyone who believes that Gershwin or Kern or Cole Porter or Jolson or the Dorseys had such lives as the movies depict is clearly uninterested, careless or daft. Nobody lives like that. The plots touch gingerly on grief, on money and confusion, on the necessity to express a lyric reaching-out —but there hasn't been any truth in it.

I was interested to notice again that actors impersonating musicians—Tommy's first band, for instance—are often more convincing than the McCoy. Dave Willock, as Foggy of the original movie band, gives an ingratiating performance as a banjo player. Tommy Dorsey, in contrast to his brother, does not lend himself visually to mood-plotting nor to much sympathy in his family travails. But then a lot of jazzmen look like bank tellers. Some of the best of them look like grandfathers. Leon (Bix) Beiderbecke looked like an angel and played like one.

The Dorseys, trombone and saxophone, are excellent musicians and are respected as such. Among the *aficionados* of jazz, however, it is taken for granted that they run big bands efficiently and that no excitement can be expected from them. The story is based on the fact that the brothers have never gotten on together and have avoided each other for years. It is hardly possible that a pretty singer, Janet Blair, painstakingly nursed their careers or that they were reconciled at their father's deathbed.

ALTHOUGH it was released here some time ago, I have unaccountably missed until now "The Raider," a documentary in technicolor made by the British government during the war. It is at neighborhood theatres and should be seen.

"The Raider" (there are no professional actors in the cast) is on the surface a tale of high adventure and violence on the convoy lanes. Beyond that it has to do with the choice some people are privileged to make between good and evil, and it is produced with a sincerity, unfaltering honesty, attention to detail and complete simplicity that almost amount to perfection.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

Paul Valéry

CONTINUING the presentation of one issue each year devoted to a major European writer little known in America (the series began with an all-Kafka issue), the QRL proudly announces an all-Valéry number. Guest-edited by *Wallace Fowlie*, the issue includes important prose and poetry in French with the English translations by *Denis Devlin, Leonie Adams* and *Robert Lowell*. In addition, thorough essays by *T. S. Eliot, William Troy, Harold H. Watts* and others provide a helpful introduction for new readers and a discerning investigation for those already familiar with the writer Eliot calls our most representative poet.

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Radio

Doldrums

THE time has come to talk of summer shows, and it's not too pleasant a subject for one who dislikes being numbered among the perpetual scolds. It's true that most critical minesweepers have already exploded the myth that radio as a whole is geared to the 12-year-old mind. But it is just as true that much of summer's radio fare is pitched to the age level of 17—if the adolescent is not too highbrow.

The fiction that radio must be directed at the not-quite-bright portion of our population is said to have been born in a studio back in the twenties. Those were the days when "The Ipana Troubadours" competed for popularity against the "Cliquot Club Eskimos." A grocery tycoon, hoping to develop a program that would take the play away from the "A & P Gypsies," was highly dissatisfied with his show during rehearsal. "This won't do," he stormed. "It's way over the head of my granddaughter." The child was 12.

Some broadcasters seem to think that even if the child has grown, a case of arrested development sets in when the temperature rises. Pin them down, and the radio people will find another excuse for programming to a lower level in the summertime. They will bring up the fact that fewer people listen when it's warm. That happens to be true. C. E. Hooper figures show that of a mid-July evening in 1946, about half as many radio sets were reported tuned in as were operating during a similar hour in January of that year. But is it possible that the listeners stayed away from the radios in droves because the fare was not nearly so tasty?

To keep you informed, I have gone through reams of advance notices discussing the programs that are to fill in during the summer hiatus. I assure you that most of them have not been worth the effort. Instead of using the summer period for experimentation, broadcasting simply acts on the assumption that humidity has a depressing effect on brain power. A good deal of the fault is the listener's. He is too slow to respond to the new, too apt to take it for granted when it does come.

THIS year, so far, the only dramatic show in the offing that seems new and possibly exciting is one to be done on NBC, Mondays at 8 p.m., called "Plays by Ear." The author is Hector Chevigny, an excellent hand at the writing game. His recent book, *My Eyes Have a Cold Nose,* tells about his becoming a victim of total blindness a little more than three years ago. That gives point to the title of his radio series. I'm going to listen to it.

For drama on the air I shall also listen Sundays during the summer to ABC's "The Greatest Story Ever Told" (6:30), which is not taking a vacation; Mutual's "Exploring the Unknown" (at 9 p.m.) and "Theatre Guild on the Air," which stays on ABC (10-11 p.m.) for the rest of the month. Sundays, at 12:30 p.m., I shall try not to miss "The Eternal Light" on NBC, and Saturdays at 11:30 a.m., on the same network, I shall want to hear "Home Is What You Make It." I shall watch the newspapers for CBS's dramatic documentaries. One of them is scheduled for June 30 (9-10 p.m.), entitled "The Sunny Side of the Atom" and promising to explore the constructive, peaceful uses of atomic energy. On Thursday nights, beginning June 26 (9:30 p.m.), there will be a new one on the ABC network, called "Mr. President." This is to be "based on interesting, human incidents that have happened in the White House." We shall hear.

ABC is trying another new one, scheduled for Saturdays, beginning June 28 (7:30 p.m.) and called "Candid Microphone." It will use a wire recorder to catch people's off-guard, unscripted reactions to various situations. Maybe there is something in this. At least it will be a try at use of radio's most flexible tool.

I shall watch the "Harlem Hospitality Club" on Mutual (Saturdays at 2 p.m.),

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which has graduated to this network spot after being tried on week-day afternoons from the Savoy Ballroom. This audience-participation, give-away show has an unusual freshness to it.

For the rest, there is light music, light romance, and just plain light, hot air among the new shows scheduled for the summer. That is no reason for anyone to throw his set into the ash can. There will still be several sustaining shows worth hearing. Many of the good music programs stay with us, and most of the best commentators work right through the hot weather. Some of the shows that don't look so promising on paper may make one turn handsprings when they've hit the air. And, besides, the disc jockey is with us in greater glory than ever.

HOMO DISCO may be a story in himself, but not for me. All I can tell you about him concerns his absolutely fantastic earnings. The last time I counted up Martin Block's take, it was somewhere around $6,000 a week. In addition to spinning records on WNEW (New York) and KFWB (Los Angeles), he is now whirling the vinylite over the Mutual network, too, daily from 2:30 to 3:30. Paul Whiteman opens his turntable marathon over the ABC network June 30 (3:30-4:30 p.m.), and they tell me he will get $4,000 a week from this stint, in addition to the $50,000 which he gets per annum for being the network's musical director.

Tommy Dorsey has just signed up with Louis Cowan, one of the more impressive independent producers of radio, to do a syndicated disc-jockey job. He is guaranteed $1.5 million over a five-year period. The records these fellows play can be bought—most of them—for 50 cents apiece at your local record shop. But of course the commercials have their own value.

A FEW months ago, the radio industry took considerable umbrage when Mrs. Eugene Meyer, wife of the owner of the Washington, D. C., *Post*, delivered a speech calling radio vulgar, cheap, unsocial and a lot of other unnice things. A committee of the National Association of Broadcasters sat in solemn conclave and came up with something akin to "Look who's talking! Is the press any better?" As if to show that a better answer is possible, WCBS, which is the New York "flagship" of the CBS network, has started a weekly, 15-minute program called "CBS Views the Press" (Saturdays, 6:15 p.m.). On the opening program, Don Hollenbeck, who did the voicing, and the CBS news staff, which assembled the piece, hit into New York City's newspapers dispassionately but pointedly. Without calling names, but naming the culprits, he told of irresponsibility, thoughtlessness and just plain carelessness. The press has frequently criticized radio, often unfairly. Now at last the shoe is on the other foot. This program should be made national in content and reach.

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Farm

Hybrid Horticulture

IN 1946 American farmers harvested 750 million extra bushels of corn because they planted hybrid seed. And work of the last few years seems to indicate that what has been done with corn can be done with other plants. Last year hybrid squash was put on the market for the first time. Hybrid tomato and onion seed can be purchased in limited quantities and much successful pioneer work has been done in developing hybrid watermelons, sugar beets and eggplant. In nearly every instance these hybrids are more resistant to disease than their parents, and outyield them by as much as 50 percent.

A hybrid seed is a seed resulting from the union of germ cells from two plants unlike in hereditary factors. Such a union may cause the plant to have qualities superior to its parents. Scientists call this heterosis, or hybrid vigor.

Corn is different from many other plants in that the female and male organs are not in the same flower. Four out of five rows in a commercial hybrid-seed cornfield will be planted to one variety and will be made into the female, or seed parent, by the simple process of pulling out the male element, or tassel, which is carried at the top of the plant. The fifth row, which is planted to another variety, is allowed to develop its tassels, and as a result the pollen, or male element, is blown by the wind onto the silks of the four rows in between. Each tassel furnishes about 10 million pollen grains, or about 2,000 pollen grains for each silk to be fertilized.

With many other plants this operation is more difficult because the male and female parts are in the same flower. If hybrids are created from such plants, the plants must be emasculated. That is, the part of the flower which produces the pollen must be removed with a pair of tweezers. The pollen from the other variety is placed on the female part of the flower and the result is the desired cross, but the operation is tedious and expensive.

The solution of this problem lies in developing that rare phenomenon in nature—a plant which doesn't produce fertile pollen. This kind of plant is what scientists call a "male-sterile" plant, because it can't fertilize itself. Scientists reasoned that if they could develop such plants, hybrid seed could be produced without hand pollinization. Insects would do the job.

The economic importance of such hybrid-seed production can easily be imagined. Unfortunately, seed from hybrid plants loses its vigor in the second generation. This means that every year you must go back to the two parent strains of the hybrid to get your seed.

DR. H. A. JONES, who in 1944 was awarded the William Herbert Medal by the American Plant Life Society for his pioneer work, has solved the problem of growing hybrid onion seeds on a large scale. He has developed a male-sterile onion, which, when crossed with another variety, produces hybrid onions vastly superior to any of the old varieties. Dr. Jones took me around the greenhouses at the US Department of Agriculture Research Center at Beltsville, Maryland, and showed me the partial results of 25 years' work.

"This area," he said, "is where hybrid seed is produced. Be careful to close the door so the bees won't get out. They do most of the work here. You see these two outside onions. They are the so-called males, and produce enough pollen to fertilize not only themselves but four times as many of the other parents. These two crosses consistently produce an onion that is superior to the old strains."

In the adjoining greenhouse I talked to Dr. F. J. Stevenson, who has been breeding potatoes in the hope of developing a superior-yielding potato that is highly resistant to disease. Dr. Stevenson showed me a potato so resistant to blight that even when sprayed with blight spores it didn't catch the disease.

Blight has been the bane of American potato growers and has caused them to lose millions of dollars. It was the cause of the famine in Ireland in 1845 which resulted in the death of a million people. Unfortunately, growers did not try to find blight-resistant potatoes, but depended, instead, on the use of chemicals. It was not until 1932 that much work was done along these lines.

But in that year an event of great importance to the potato industry occurred. A blight-resistant potato was imported from Germany. But this potato was a poor producer and could not compete with some American varieties. Scientists then began crossing it with other varieties. Fortunately, after only a few crosses a blight-resistant potato which excelled in producing qualities was produced. The result was "B 70-5," a large, evenly proportioned potato which Dr. Stevenson showed me. This potato is now in commercial production.

ONE of the scientists at Beltsville told me a story which indicates why we need continuous research. Once a Department of Agriculture man, visiting a potato region in the West, asked another scientist who lived there what he was doing to develop new, superior, disease-resistant varieties. "Nothing," was the reply, "we've got all the good varieties we need."

A few years later the scientist in the West sent out an SOS to the Department of Agriculture man. "Have you developed any disease-resistant varieties suitable for our region? We are being wiped out by a new disease." And to this day no superior-yielding potato has been found that will resist this disease.

Scientists I talked to feel that in a few years other male-sterile plants may be developed and thus make it possible to produce hybrid seed from plants

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other than onions on a large scale. Alfalfa plants have been developed which are 90-percent male-sterile and hybrid sugar beets which are 100-percent male-sterile. These sugar-beet hybrids show high disease resistance and out-yield commercial varieties by two tons per acre and by 11 percent in sugar. Superior, high-yielding, disease-resisting plants are definitely on the way.

ANGUS MCDONALD

Henry Wallace

(Continued from page 12)

the main 1946 UNRRA appropriations bill.

In Washington, progressive and middle-of-the-road Democrats can only win by working together. Yet the only true basis for unity today is a militant and positive program. If Democratic leaders learn this, Charles Savage will have won his fight for liberalism.

ON one hot afternoon, I left politics behind to drive out with Professor Albert Franzke of the University of Washington to see the strawberry farms of Snohomish County. We drove around the blue waters of Lake Washington with Mount Rainier barely visible over the haze, and on through hills covered with Scotch broom and valleys filled with flowering yellow mustard.

At Marysville, we stopped at the farm of Paul Due, one of the largest strawberry growers in Washington. On his acres, at the foothills of snow-covered mountains, rows of first and second-year strawberry plants are laid out: Blakemores, first bred in Oregon State College; Redhearts from California; Narcissa, yielding 10 tons to the acre; and Marshalls. "Everyone wants Marshalls these days," Due said, "but they don't pay any more for them!

"Last year we got 30 cents a pound," he went on. "This year it's 17. For that we have to deliver clear to Snohomish. My gas and oil bills are higher, my overhead is up. It doesn't make sense!

"The pickers' wages are set at four and a half cents, with a half-cent bonus," he went on. "I pay five cents, with a two-cent bonus. I don't know any other use of the money as good as giving it to the kids. I want my pickers to get $8 or $10 a day so they can buy what I produce."

Suddenly he turned and cried out with a good deal of feeling, "Their costs are up as much as mine! How would you like to come out and work all day in the sun for $3 or $4? By golly, they have to live, too!

"It was easy a few years ago," he said. "It was patriotic to pick berries then. We used to send trucks into Everett and all the families would come out on week-ends, the first year of the war. Then it got less and less. Soon it was nothing but kids—our hair fell out fast.

"I don't know," he ended. "Something's got to happen."

BACK in the lumber town of Everett we sat eating strawberry ice cream in King's Freezer and talking to the proprietor, Linus King, a young veteran and former student of Franzke's. In five years, as a naval officer in the Pacific, he had saved $6,000. He borrowed $11,000 from the local bank and set himself up in a business about which he knew nothing. Now, a few months later, he was turning out 50 flavors of ice cream, including our strawberry cones, made from a cross

which combined the Redheart for firmness and the Marshall for flavor. "I'll tell you," he said, "I have more fun this way than as the junior executive of a big firm. I work all day in the store, and I make ice cream all night, but I'm working for myself. I have my troubles with the union's business agent—he tells me how to run my business, and then says he doesn't care whether I can stay in business or not. I don't see it that way, but I'll get by."

These two men I regard as typical of the spirit that made America, and that, given half a chance to express itself in prosperity and peace, will carry us far beyond any standards we have known.

H. W.

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Necessity, the Mother of Invention

SIR: The fastening (of my *New Republic*) is so poor that it falls to pieces if read even by one person; I sew through the exact center on my sewing machine, making it a little more permanent.

CHARLOTTE E. SHAW
Salt Lake City, Utah

[Our printers are working on this stitch in time. – THE EDITORS]

Miracle in the Desert

SIR: Your movie critic of "Duel in the Sun" [the *New Republic,* May 19], describing its extravagant execution, says that "even its sunsets are unbelievable . . . to the point of seeming sometimes to flood the sky with blood, an effect seldom if ever achieved by the sun itself."

We in Arizona SEEING these sunsets also say it is unbelievable. Just like a miracle. In the desert surrounded by mountains, we not only see the sky with blood, we see the tops of these mountains aflame. We see clouds red, pink and green in layers of three, all at the same time. . . . No painter can reproduce the coloring, not even a Turner. No mechanically printed postcard with all its garishness can imitate it. No poet can describe it. Not any more than describing God. . . . It is a common sight to see men and women stop their cars on the open road to gaze at these enthralling and unbelievable manifestations.

After passing the age of, say, 14 or 15, we no longer take our movies seriously, and concurrently, critics of movies touch us even less, but let them not speak irreverently of sunsets. . . .

Tucson, Ariz. M. M. BRESLOW

Consumer Organization Pays

SIR: I followed with great interest the letter, "Never the Ends Shall Meet" [the *New Republic,* May 12]. The plight of the consumer is well presented both by Bernard Posner in "What'll We Use for Dough?" [the *New Republic,* March 24] and by Ruth Anderson in the letter mentioned above. However, it is important to take notice of the fact that both are better off than the factory worker, whose average wage as of February, 1947, was $46.79. . . .

"Never the ends shall meet"? Is this true? Other angry citizens who want a decent standard of living for their families have refused to accept this as a fact. For the past four years, the New York City Consumer Council, under the able leadership of Miss Mildred A. Gutwillig, has been organizing consumers for action to protect their living standards. Church, civic, social and fraternal groups are joined together with trade unions for this purpose. . . .

Consumer organization pays dividends. Last December, when the Dairymen's League rigged the butter market to keep the price of milk high, it was the New York City Consumer Council which called upon the Anti-Trust Division to investigate this violation of the anti-trust laws. What happened is history. The league was fined $29,000. Milk dropped one cent per quart, butter 14 cents per pound. . . .

If Mrs. Anderson would direct her anger into constructive channels, let her join in strengthening the organized consumer movements. I urge her to communicate with Mrs. Elizabeth Rohr, executive secretary of the National Association of Consumers, 1740 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., who can furnish expert advice on the problems of organization.

JEANNETTE S. TURNER
Executive Secretary,
New York City Consumer Council
New York City

Bandwagon

The Priceless Ingredient?

Marshall brought one new element to American diplomacy, which otherwise he developed along traditional lines. It was the quality of personal indifference to success for the sake of success, a sort of don't-give-a-damn attitude. – *John M. Hightower in an AP dispatch from Moscow.*

Pittance

It is possible for a man to accumulate $1,000,000 but, when he dies, the federal and state taxes relieve his family of about two-thirds of it, so he might possibly leave a net estate of $330,000 as the result of his long years of work. The income on that amount, at four percent in gilt-edge investments, would bring $13,200, which would not provide much for his wife and members of his family. – *From David Lawrence's column in the New York* Sun.

Gospel

The closed shop violates freedom of conscience and the Eighth Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," the statement [by the American Council of

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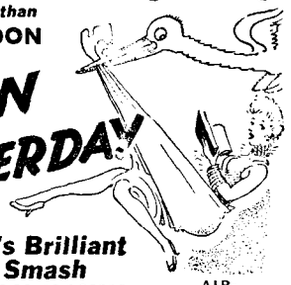
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Christian Churches] asserted. It also argued that many Christian men objected to it because it obliged them to join a union and be "yoked together with unbelievers." – *From the New York* Times.

We'll Draw Our Own Conclusions

It is an encouraging indication that if ever this country is subjected to large-scale attack by new, modern mass weapons of destruction, the courage and endurance to deal with the emergency will not be lacking.

That is the lesson of Texas City in flames. – *From an AP report by Hal Boyle.*

Waging the Peace

Virgil Jordan, president of the National Industrial Conference Board, declared that world disarmament was the key to the continuance of individual liberty and a free economy. The United States at this moment has a unique opportunity to compel world disarmament, even if it becomes necessary to use atomic bombs to achieve this end, he said. – *From the New York* Times.

Go Ahead!

A dispatch from Guam announces that a "higher authority" has just revoked the United States Military Government order forbidding natives of a certain Pacific island to beget illegitimate children. A native spokesman is quoted as giving these reasons for the rescinding of the order:

The order constitutes interference with native customs, which is contrary to US Navy policy.

The order is impossible to enforce. – *From the Daily Palo Alto* Times.

Print 'Em When They're Down

McGraw-Hill is hopping aboard the international bandwagon, following in the wake of a number of other big US publishing houses, to get established abroad before foreign publishers are able to fully recover. – *From* Variety.

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